



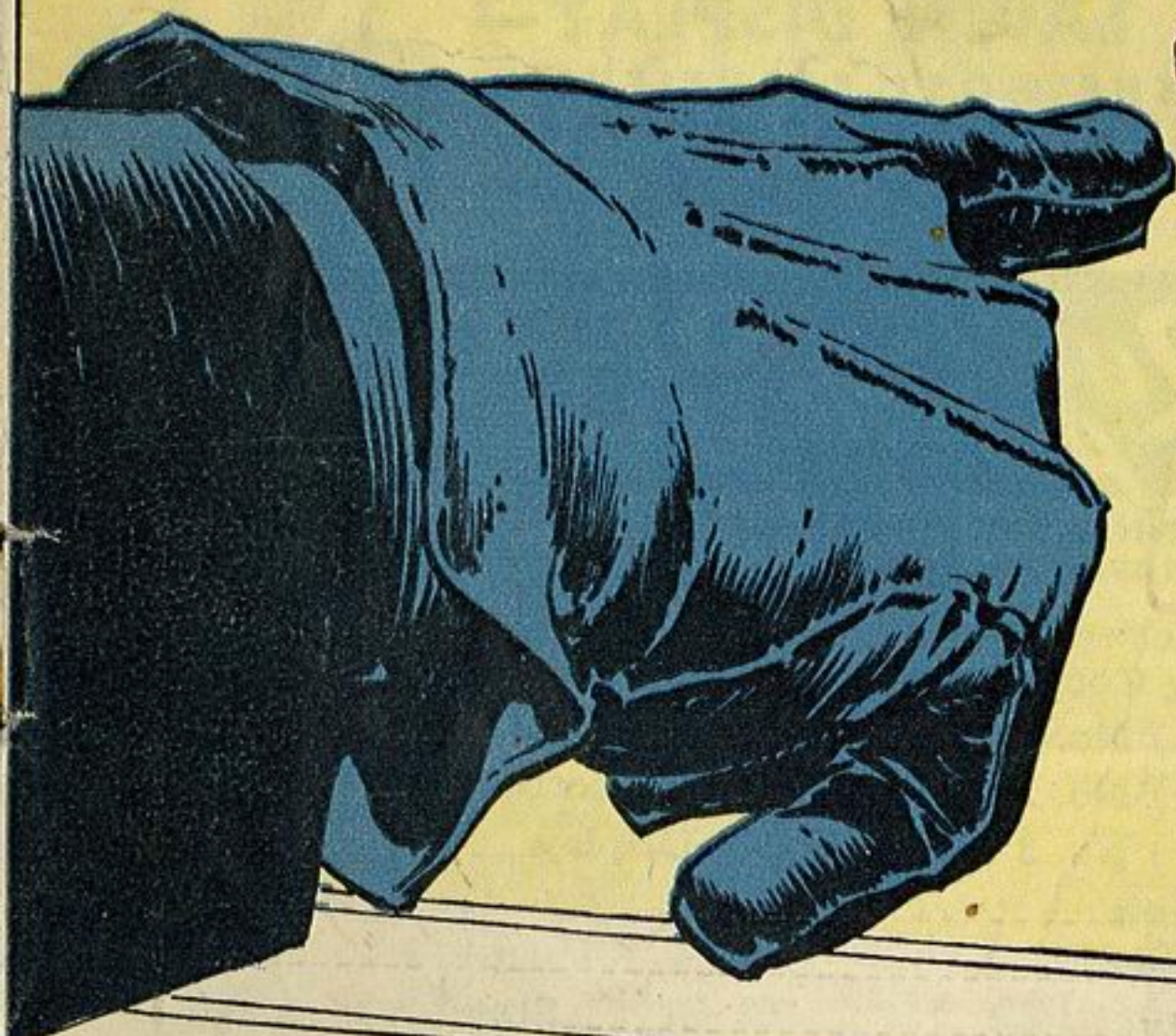
JULY  
No.61

# CRACK COMICS

QUALITY  
COMIC  
GROUP  
I.C.D.  
7

10¢

*Captain*  
**TRIUMPH**  
meets  
**MR. POINTER,**  
*Finger of Fear!*







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# Famous BANNER FIREWORKS!

**ZIP! BOOM! BANG! OH-Boy!**

**OVER 1000 PIECES—ONLY \$4.95**  
 Retail Value \$13.25

**BUZZ BOMBS • BLOCK BUSTERS • ZIG ZAG WHISTLES • FLASHLIGHT KRACKERS • JAP POP-BOTTLE SKY ROCKETS • SIREN AERIAL BOMBS**

All your old favorites and several new items—to make a total of more than 1000 pieces. Every piece a thrill combination of noise and beauty.

**No. 1— SPECIAL \$13.25 ASSORTMENT—OVER 1000 PIECES OF NOISE and BEAUTY—Only \$4.95**

Other items in this giant assortment include Electric Cannon Salutes that will really rock you—Zig Zag Musical Salutes, Black Snakes, Cherry Bombs (good old-fashioned kind) . . . White Mule that really kicks, Silver and Gold Fountains, Silver Rain Torch, a beautiful piece—Battle in Clouds (up to 16 reports)—3 Shot Repeating Aerial Bombs, 2 Shot Repeating

Aerial Flash Bombs—Cone Fire of Red, White and Blue Display—Large Triangle Wheels, Sky Rockets that end in a majestic display of Red, White and Blue Stars—Zebra Flash Crackers—10 Ball Roman Candles—Comet Star Shells, the most beautiful night display ever offered and Sparklers for the little tots. Remember you get over 1000 pieces in all with a retail value of \$13.25 for only \$4.95.

**No. 2— GIANT \$13.25 KRACKER ASSORTMENT— ONLY \$4.95**

This assortment will give you plenty of noise and action. Selected and especially made up for boys who want to get a kick out of every last piece. You'll get those extra loud Electric Cannon Salutes—2 and 3 Shot Repeating

**EVERY PIECE  
A REAL  
NOISE-MAKER**

Aerial Bombs—Block Busters—Red Devils—Flash Salutes—Zig-Zag Musical Salutes—Flashlight Crackers—and many others. More than 1800 pieces—all for only \$4.95.

**No. 3—BIG COLORFUL FAMILY LAWN DISPLAY—**

This is a special package made up for those who want a colorful display with a minimum of noise. You will OH! and AH! as you watch these creations burst into a display of sheer beauty that is unsurpassed in fireworks history. Musical Vesuvius Flitter Fountains—Comet Star Shells—Flower Pots with Handles—Large Floral Shells—Triangle Spinning Wheels—Red-White-Blue Patriotic Colored Fire and Roman Candles are only some of the unusual pieces in this large assortment.

**THE MOST BEAUTIFUL  
NIGHT DISPLAY OFFERED  
ONLY \$4.95**

**QUICK ACTION COUNTS—ORDER NOW  
WHILE STOCKS ARE COMPLETE**

This year we have greater facilities for serving you. There will be plenty for those who act quick. But orders are coming in fast and we do not want to disappoint anyone. So rush your order today—NOW.

**CASH WITH ORDER—NO C. O. D's.**  
 Send payment in full with order—Certified Check—Bank Draft or Money Order. If you send currency be sure to register letter. All shipments sent by Express F.O.B. Toledo. Give nearest express office if different from your town.

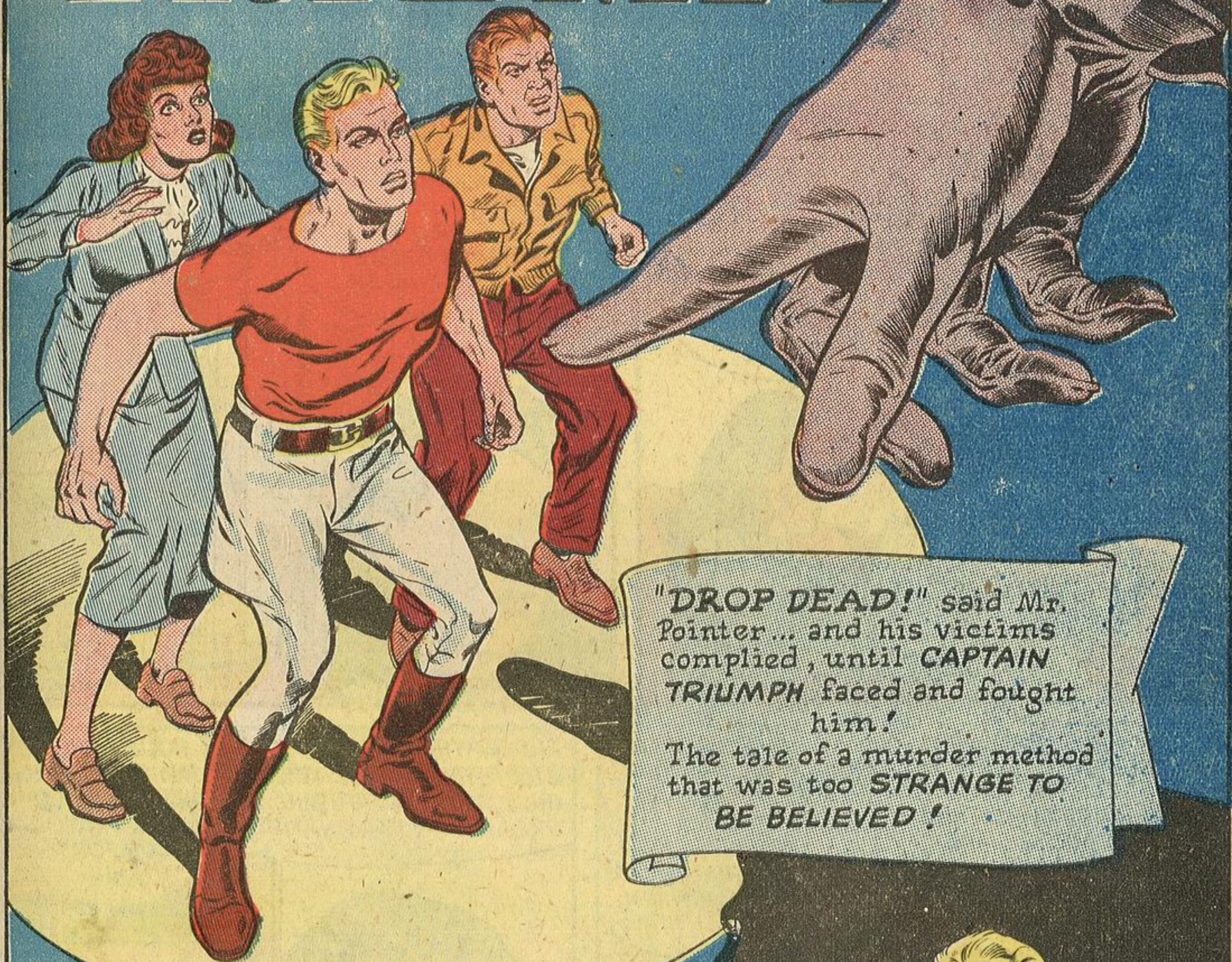
**BIG NEW CATALOG IN COLOR FREE!**

**BANNER FIREWORKS MFG. CO., INC. Dept. 164 446 CAPISTRANO TOLEDO 12, OHIO**

CRACK COMICS, July, 1949, No. 61. Published bi-monthly by Comio Magazines, 8 Lord Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Offices, 578 Summer Street, Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager. George E. Brenner, Editor. Entered as second-class matter March 11, 1940, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. E. S. Murthey, Advertising Representative. Cole & Mason, 605 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Western Representative. Copyright 1949 by Comio Magazines. Printed in U. S. A.



# Captain TRIUMPH



"**DROP DEAD!**" said Mr. Pointer... and his victims complied, until **CAPTAIN TRIUMPH** faced and fought him!

The tale of a murder method that was too **STRANGE TO BE BELIEVED!**

When Lance Gallant touches the T-shaped birthmark on his left wrist, the mighty spirit of his dead twin brother, Michael, merges with him to form the invincible **CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!**





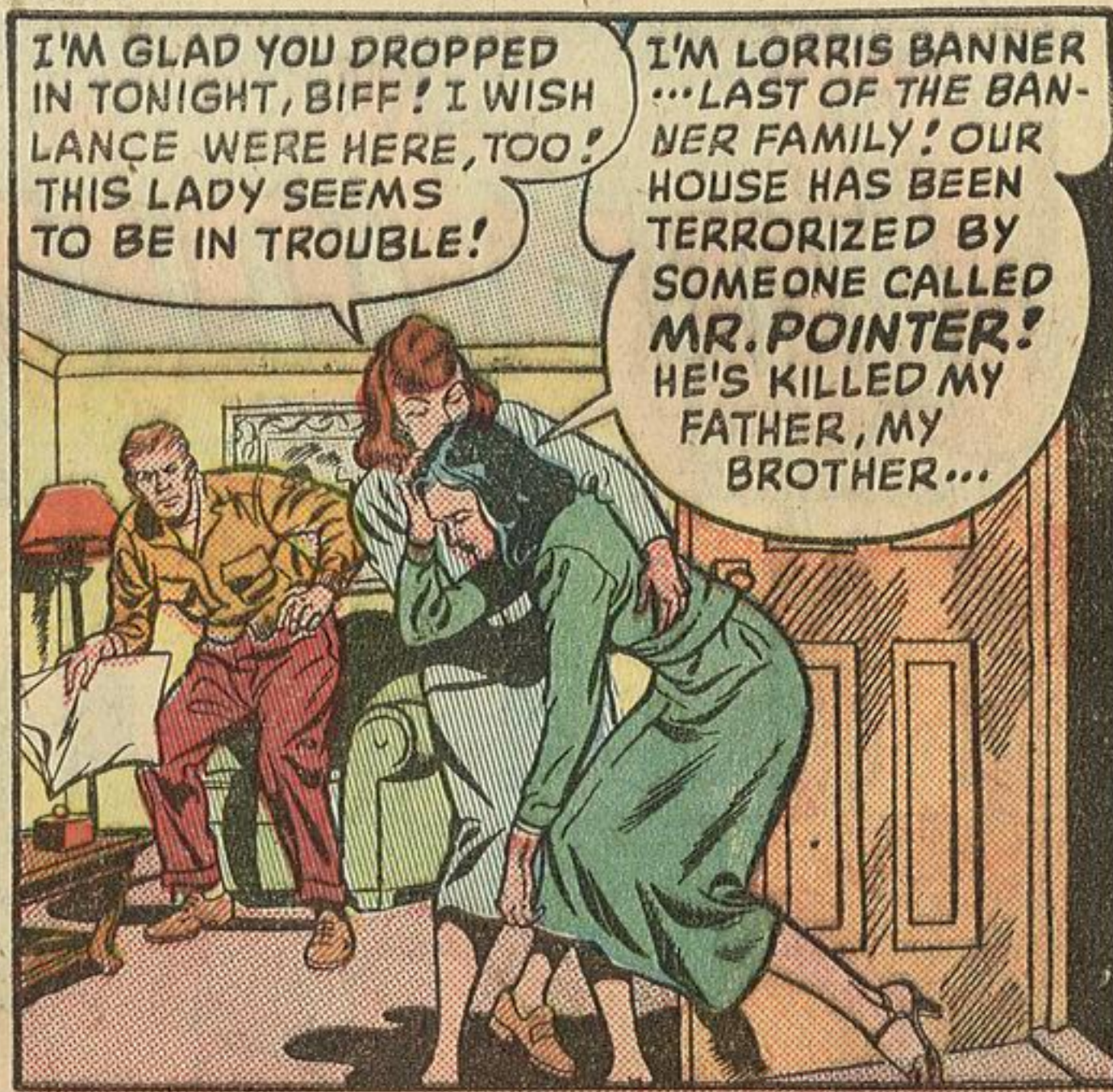


CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!  
CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!



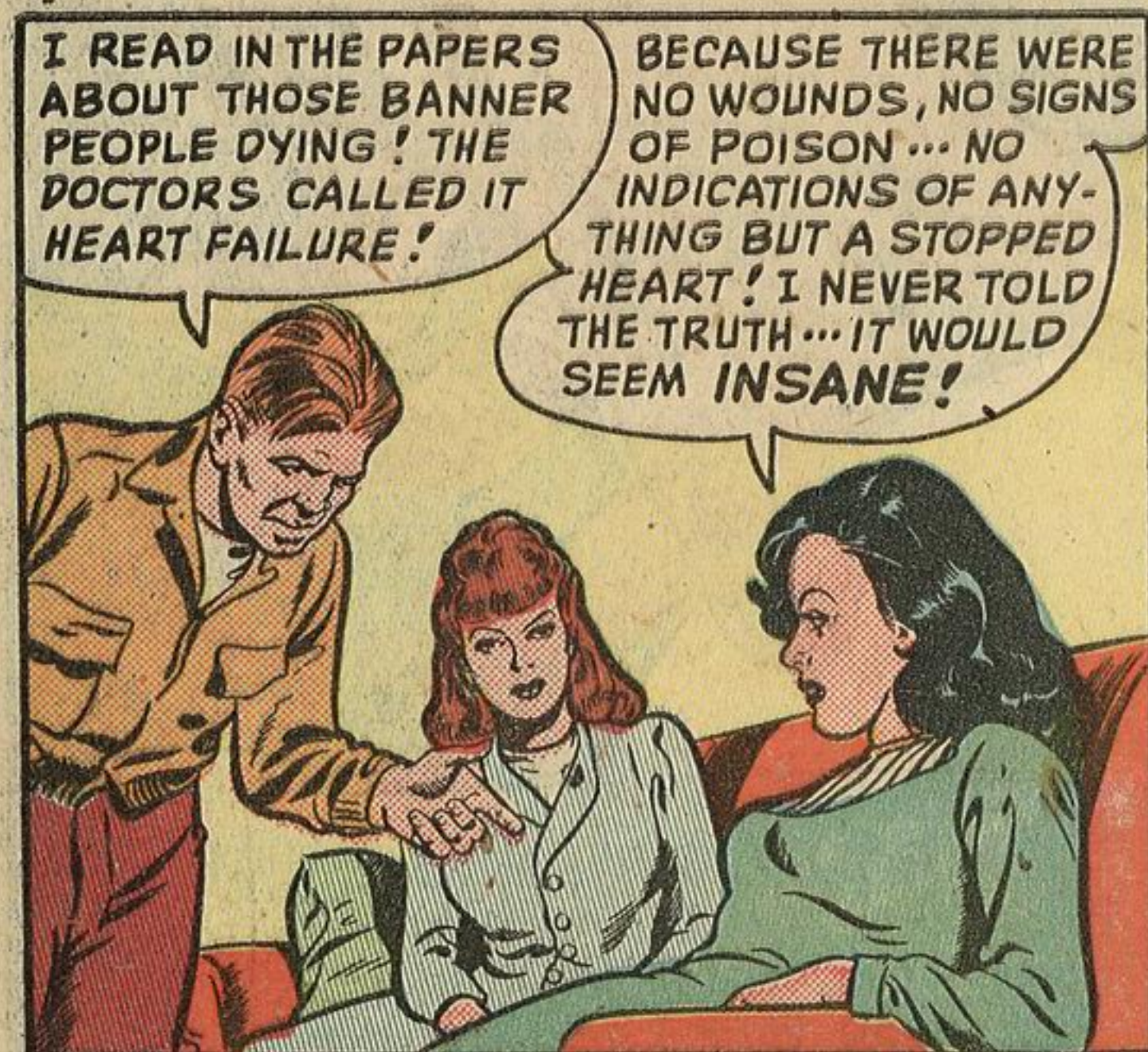
I'M KIM MEREDITH!  
YOU WERE SPEAKING  
THE NAME OF...

I'VE READ  
NEWSPAPERS...  
HEARD RUMORS...  
KIM MEREDITH  
KNOWS CAPTAIN  
TRIUMPH... CAN  
BRING HIM TO HELP  
ME... STOP MR.  
POINTER!



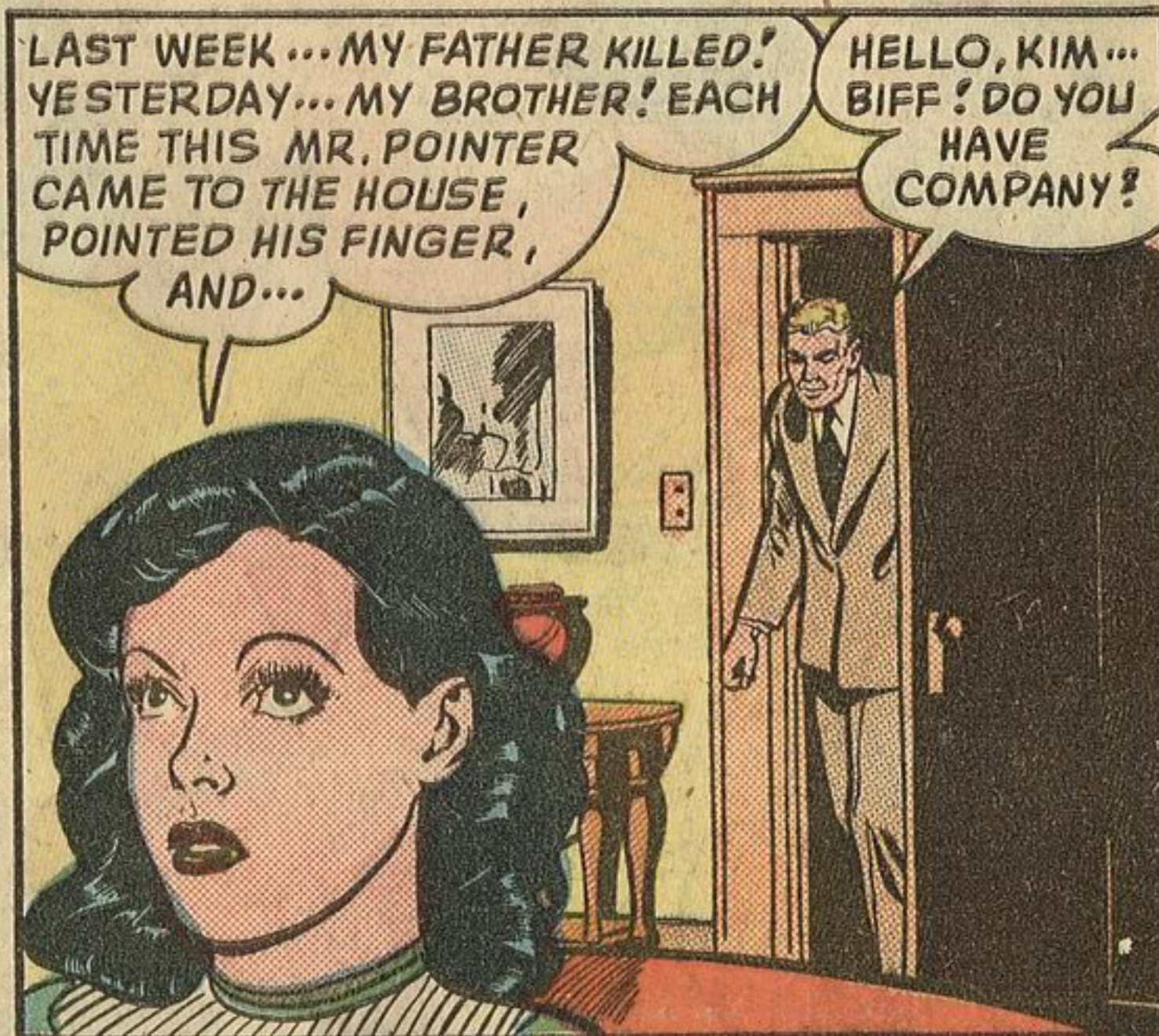
I'M GLAD YOU DROPPED  
IN TONIGHT, BIFF! I WISH  
LANCE WERE HERE, TOO!  
THIS LADY SEEMS  
TO BE IN TROUBLE!

I'M LORRIS BANNER  
...LAST OF THE BAN-  
NER FAMILY! OUR  
HOUSE HAS BEEN  
TERRORIZED BY  
SOMEONE CALLED  
**MR. POINTER!**  
HE'S KILLED MY  
FATHER, MY  
BROTHER...



I READ IN THE PAPERS  
ABOUT THOSE BANNER  
PEOPLE DYING! THE  
DOCTORS CALLED IT  
HEART FAILURE!

BECAUSE THERE WERE  
NO WOUNDS, NO SIGNS  
OF POISON... NO  
INDICATIONS OF ANY-  
THING BUT A STOPPED  
HEART! I NEVER TOLD  
THE TRUTH... IT WOULD  
SEEM **INSANE!**



LAST WEEK... MY FATHER KILLED!  
YESTERDAY... MY BROTHER! EACH  
TIME THIS MR. POINTER  
CAME TO THE HOUSE,  
POINTED HIS FINGER,  
AND...

HELLO, KIM...  
BIFF! DO YOU  
HAVE  
COMPANY?



MISS LORRIS BANNER...  
MEET LANCE GALLANT!  
LANCE, SHE HAS A TRAGIC,  
SINISTER STORY TO TELL  
TO CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!

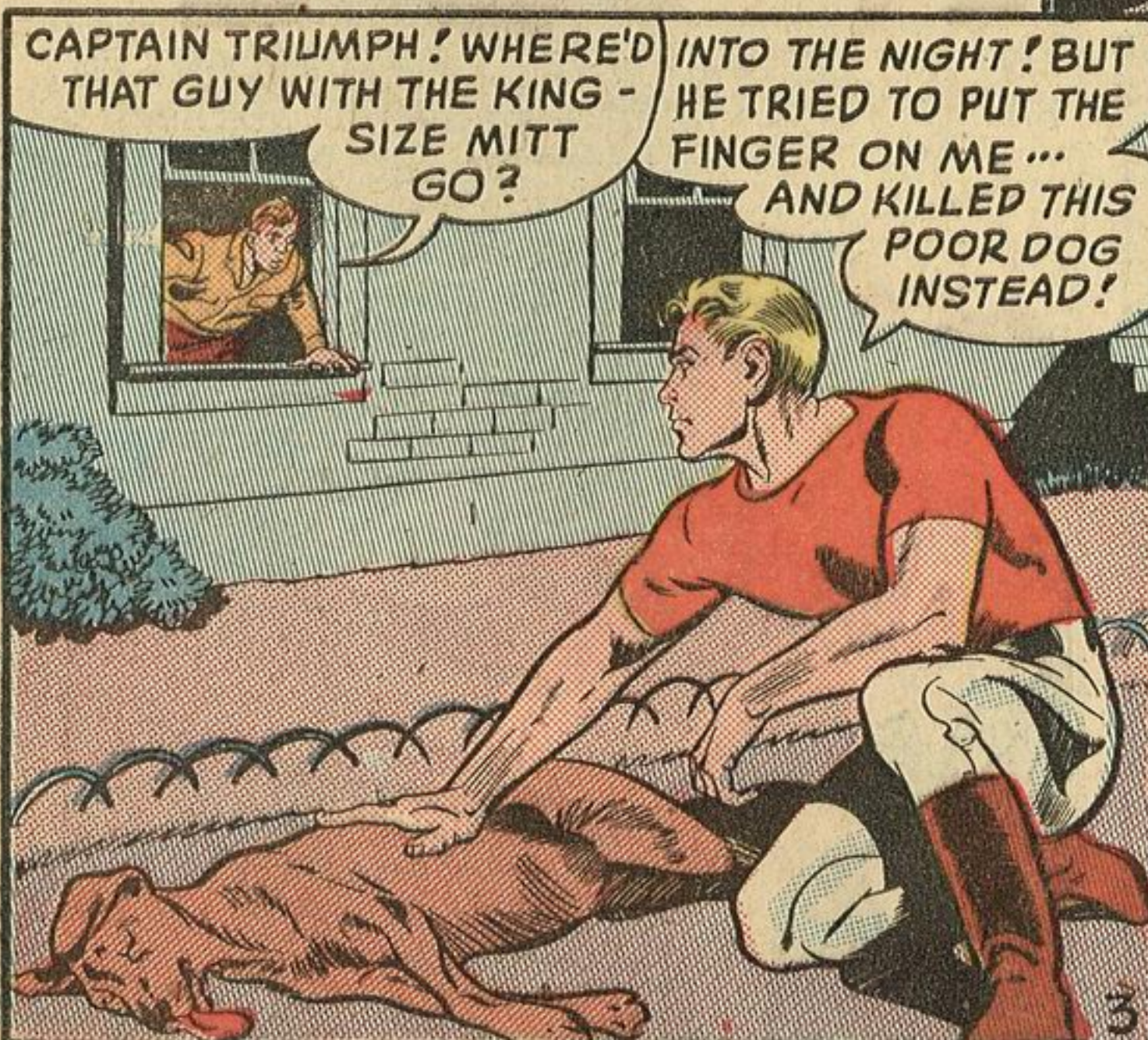
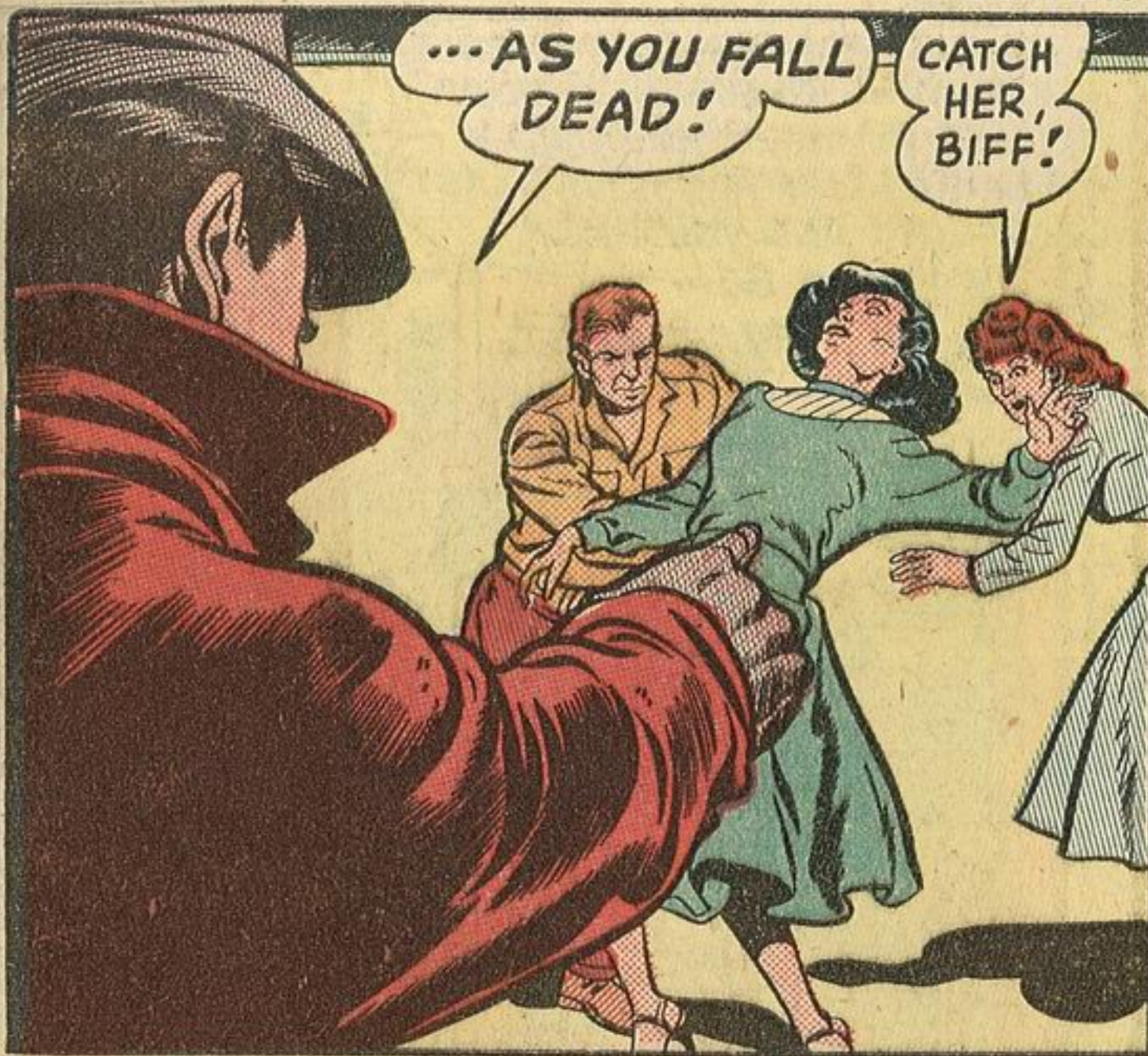
THE POLICE WOULD  
NEVER BELIEVE THAT  
MR. POINTER COULD  
KILL PEOPLE BY  
LEVELLING HIS FINGER!  
MAYBE CAPTAIN TRIUMPH  
WON'T, EITHER... WHEN  
I TELL HIM!



AND MAYBE IT **DIDN'T**  
**HAPPEN!** MAYBE IT'S  
ONLY SOME HORRIBLE  
DREAM! MY IMAGINATION...

NO, LORRIS!  
MR. POINTER IS  
VERY **REAL**...  
LET THAT  
COMFORT  
YOU...







Next morning...



...and that afternoon...



I'M BURKE SMYSER...THE SOLE SURVIVING KINSMAN OF POOR LORRIS BANNER, WHO DIED STRANGELY IN THIS HOUSE LAST NIGHT! AND YOU MUST BE...

YES, I'M KIM MEREDITH!



AS THE ONLY HEIR TO THE ENTIRE BANNER FAMILY, I'M INTERESTED...VERY MUCH INTERESTED IN JUST HOW THESE DEATHS OCCURRED!

YES, LANCE... FINE IF YOU CAN COME RIGHT AWAY! AND BRING BIFF IF YOU CAN FIND HIM!



Soon...

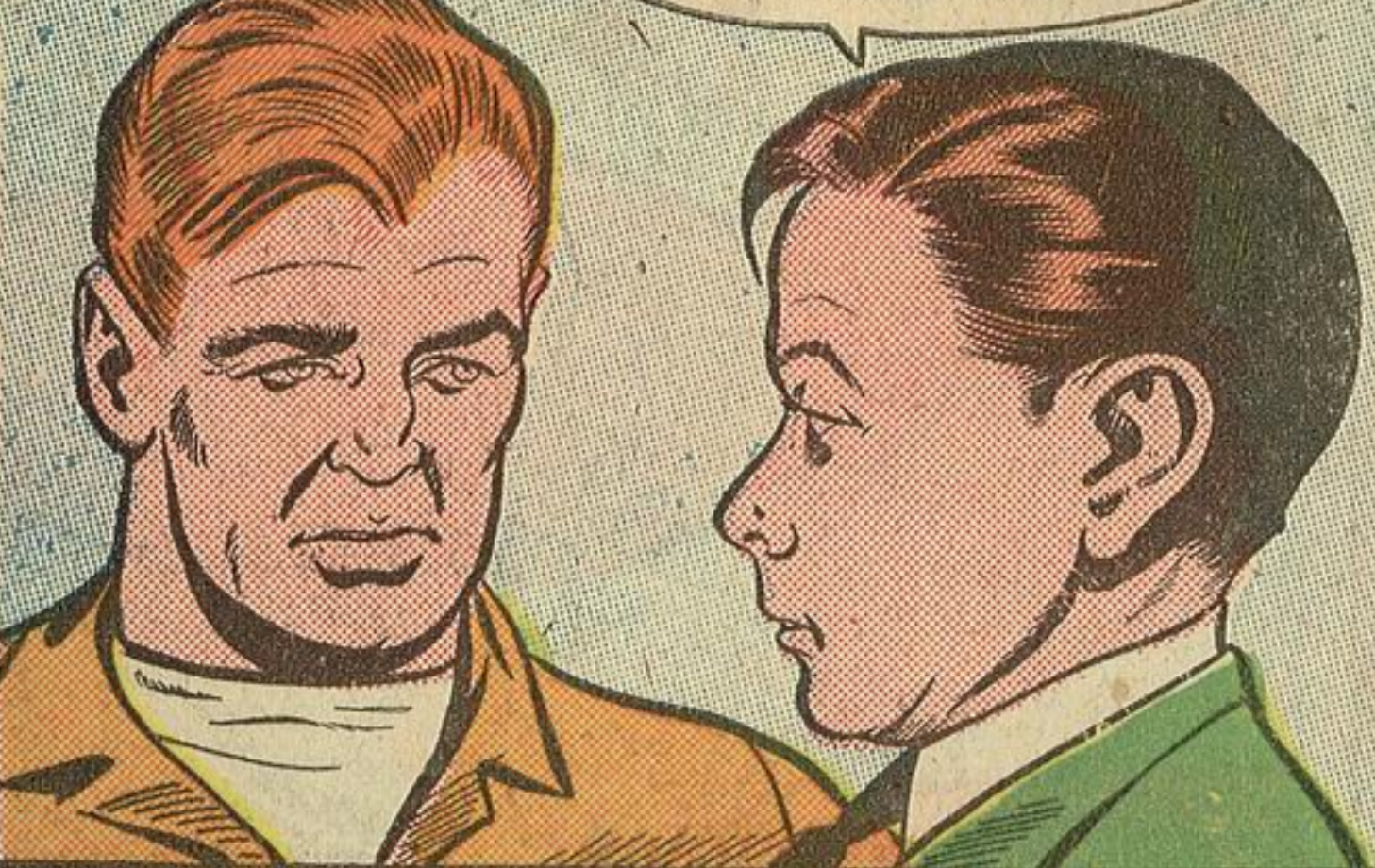
YOU GOT HERE PROMPTLY, BOYS! THIS IS MR. SMYSER, A RELATIVE OF THE BANNERS!

THEIR SECOND COUSIN, AND LAST OF THEIR RELATIVES! FIRST OF ALL, I WANT TO BE SURE OF THE FACTS OF THIS FANTASTIC TRAGEDY!



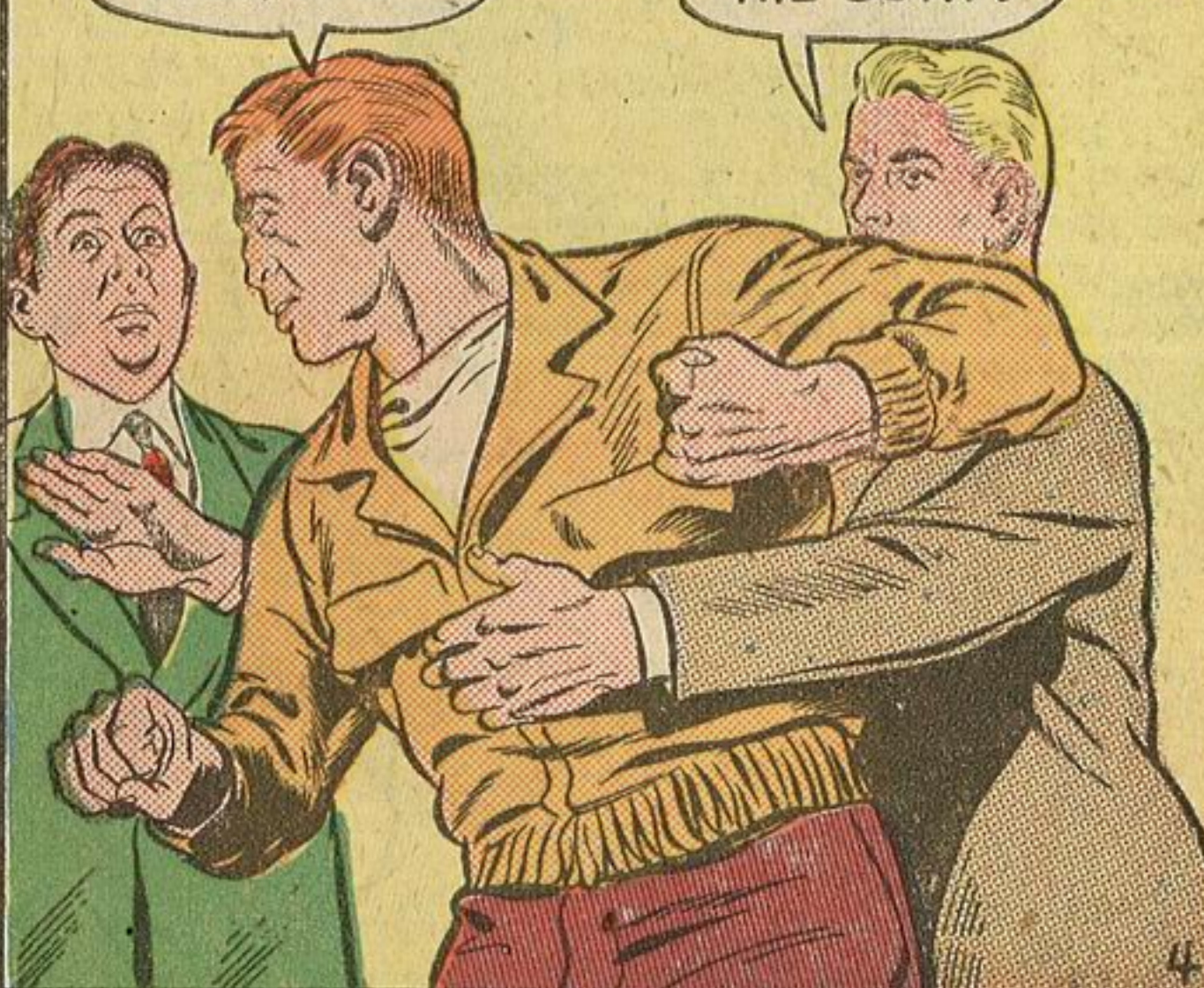
DID YOU READ THE PAPERS? THEY TELL EVERYTHING WE KNOW!

ARE YOU SURE OF THAT? MIGHTN'T YOU HAVE...ER, CONCEALED SOME SIGNIFICANT FACT? AS IT IS, THE STORY SOUNDS IMPOSSIBLE!



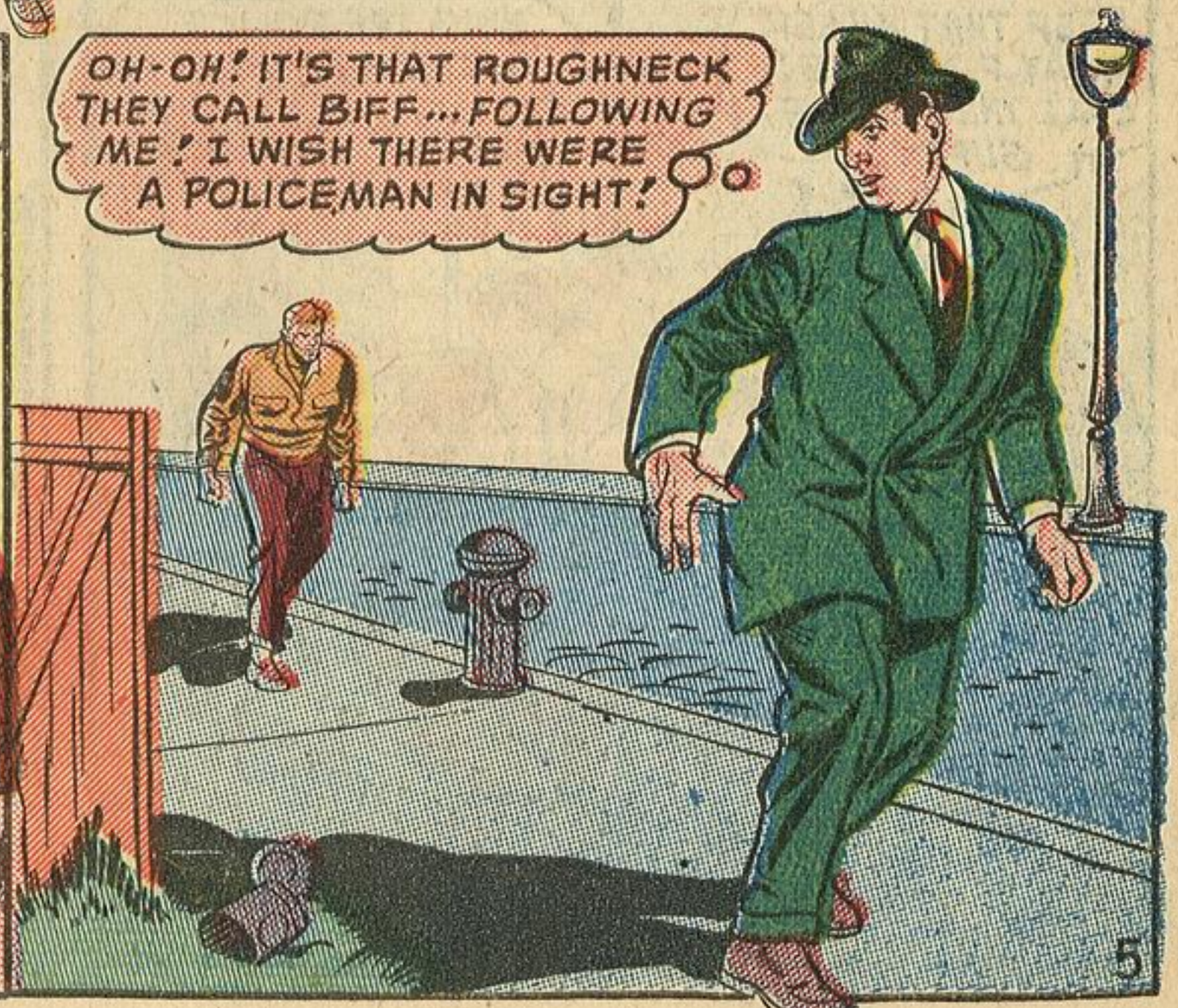
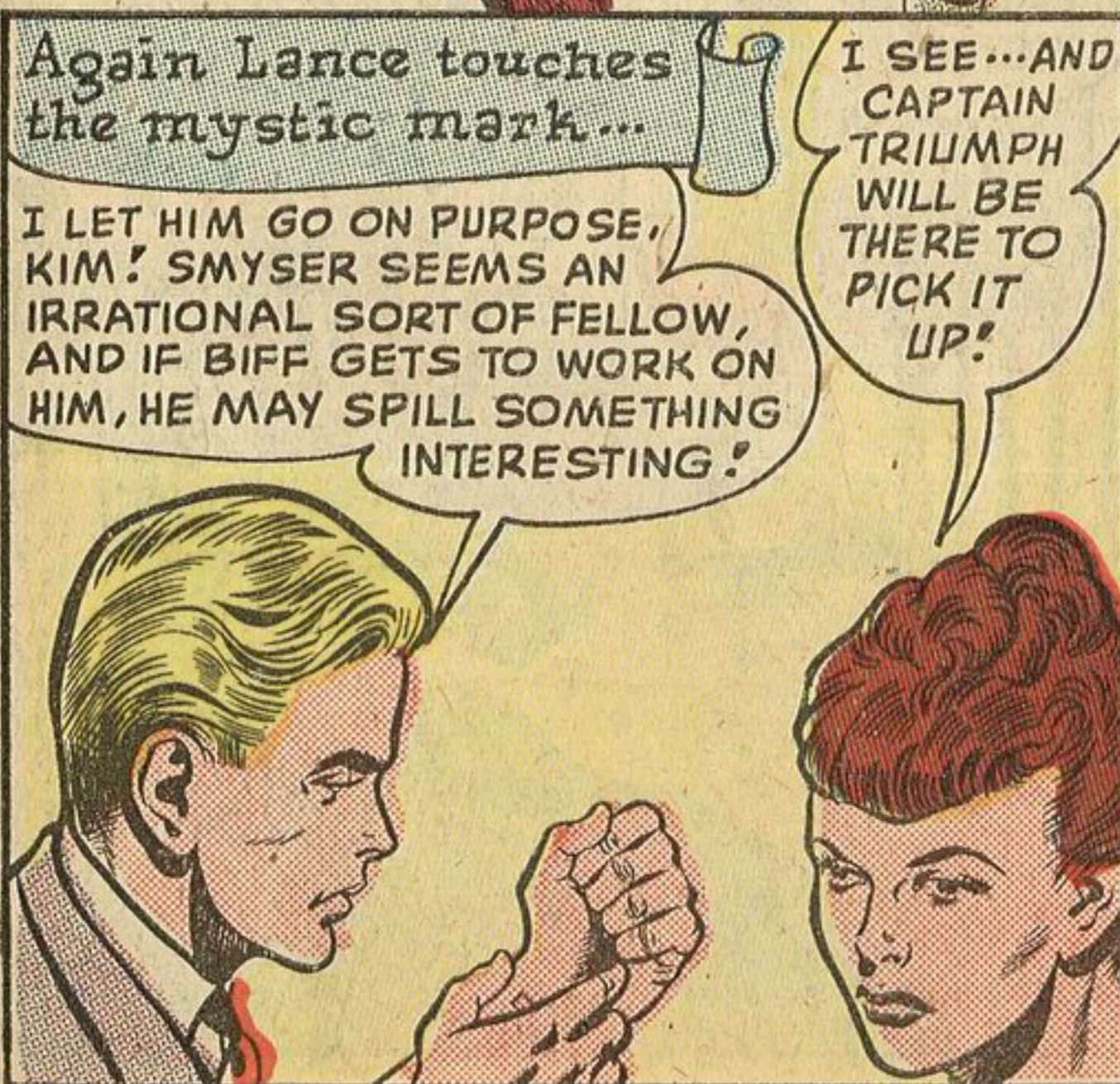
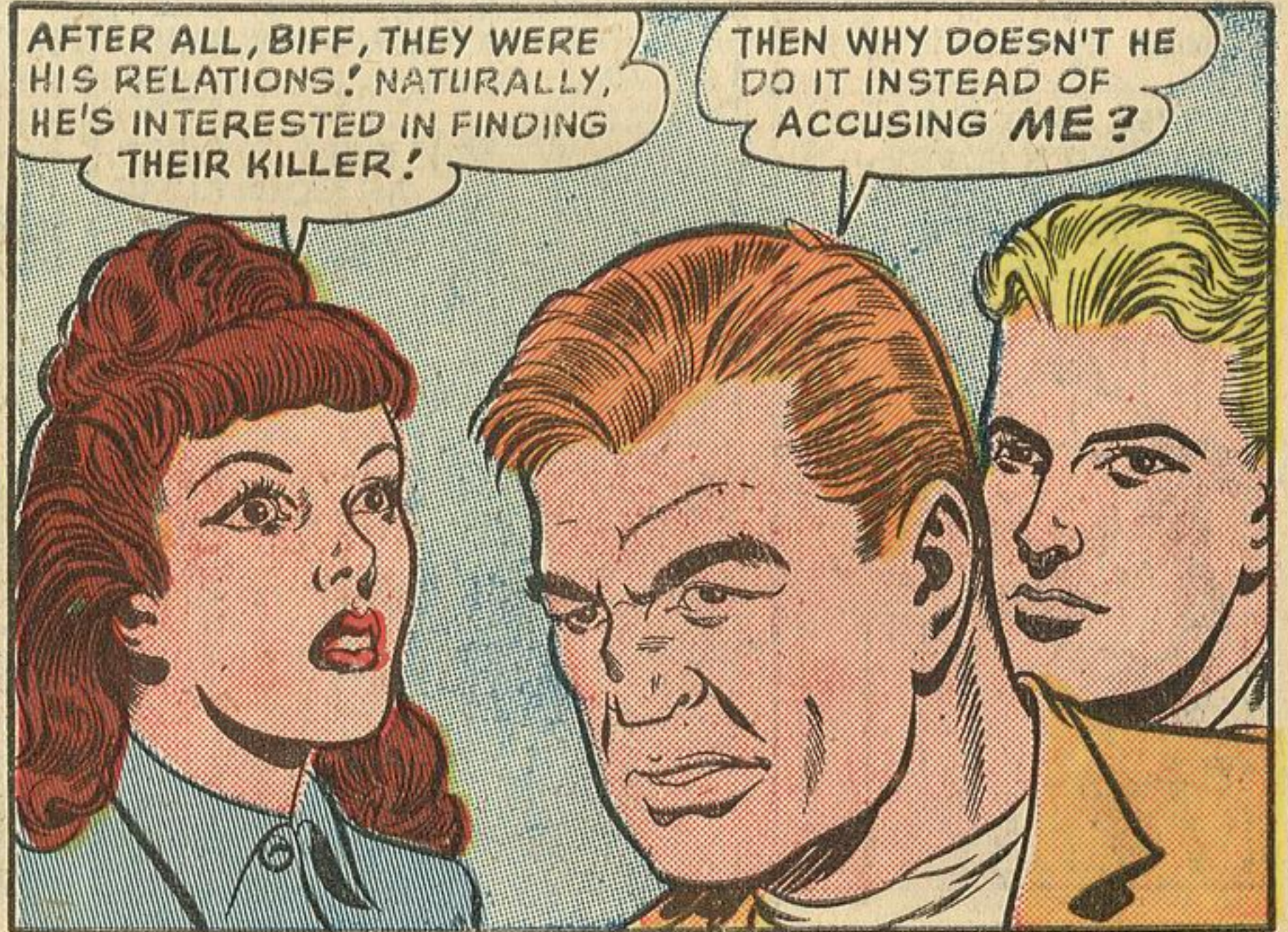
HINTING WE MAY HAVE KILLED YOUR COUSINS? WHY, YOU...

BIFF! RELAX! HE HINTED NOTHING OF THE SORT!





# CRACK COMICS





And Captain Triumph picks up the trail...

THERE... SMYSER HAS REACHED A HOUSE... HE'S GOING IN, NO... HE'S STOPPING TO TALK TO BIFF!

SINCE YOU'VE FOLLOWED ME ALL THE WAY HOME, YOU MAY AS WELL COME IN!

OKAY, I'D JUST AS SOON CLEAR THIS UP HERE AS ANYWHERE!

THIS WAS THE HOME OF THE BANNERS! AS SOLE SURVIVOR, I INHERIT IT AND ALL OTHER PROPERTY!

AND YOU'LL INHERIT A SOCK ON THE JAW, TOO... IF YOU DON'T GET RID OF THE IDEA THAT I WAS MIXED UP IN THIS! RIGHT NOW I'M CALLING THE SERVANTS... TO FIND OUT WHAT THEY KNOW!

I, ER... LET THE BANNER SERVANTS GO! THESE ARE MY OWN... GUFFY THE BUTLER, SMIRK THE CHAUFFEUR, ROCCO THE COOK...

YOU LET THOSE OTHERS GO? THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO TELL US SOMETHING ABOUT THE MURDERS, YOU DUMB JERK... OR ARE YOU PLAYING DUMB? MAYBE YOU DON'T WANT...

GET OUT OF HERE... OWW!

HEY, YOU... LAY OFF MR. SMYSER!

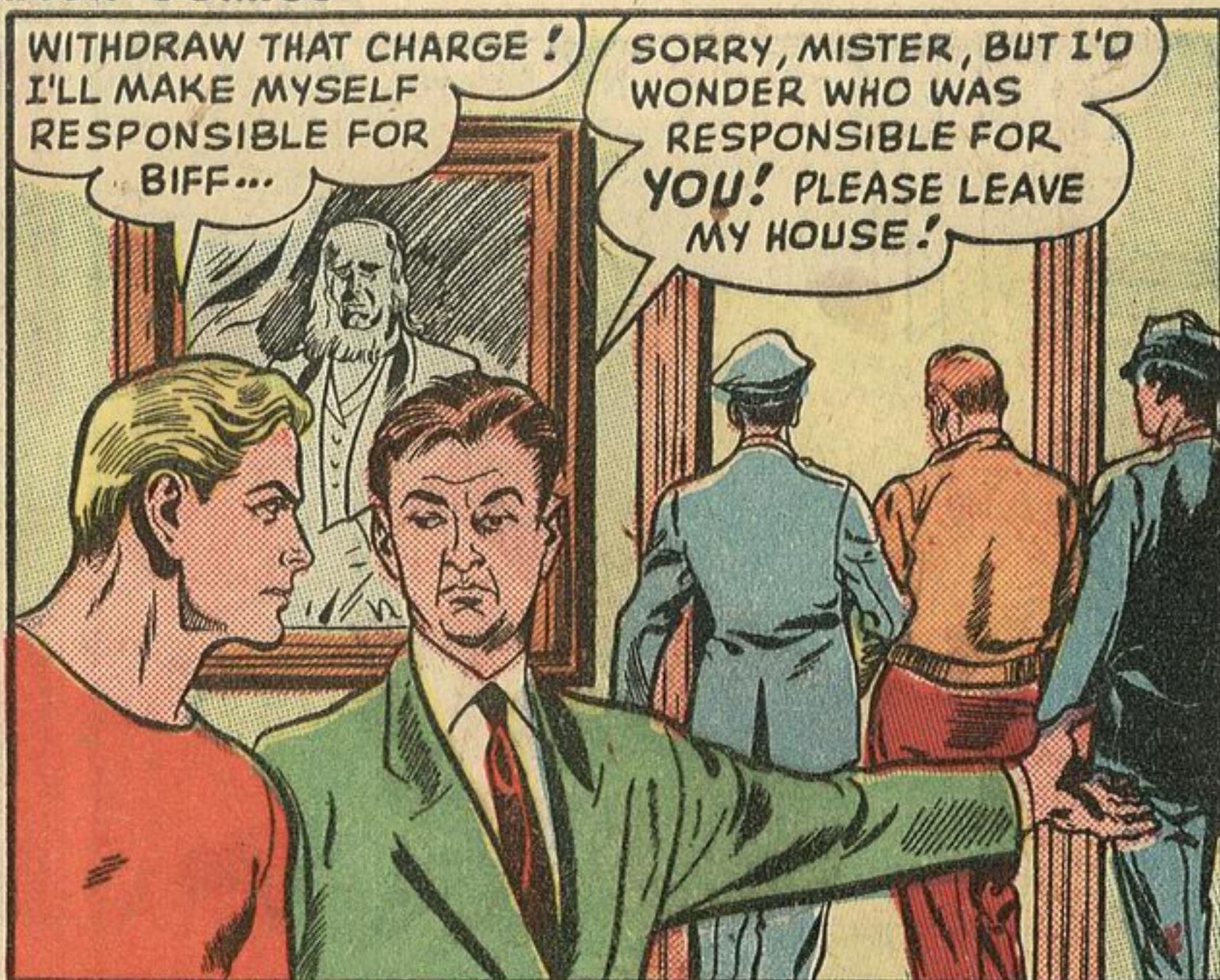
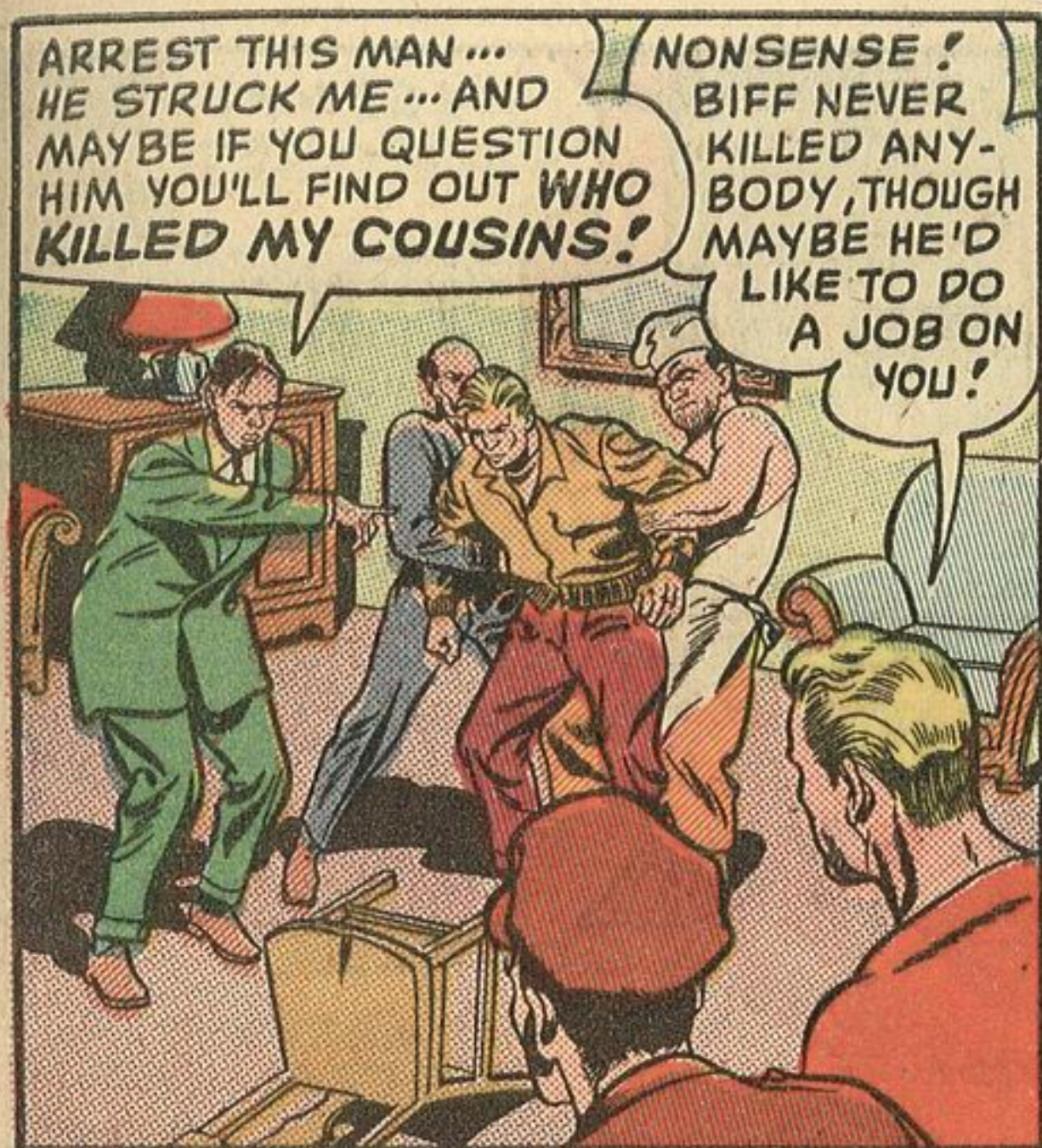
KEEP THAT KILLER AWAY FROM ME! CALL THE POLICE, GUFFY!

RING THE POLICE STATION AT ONCE!

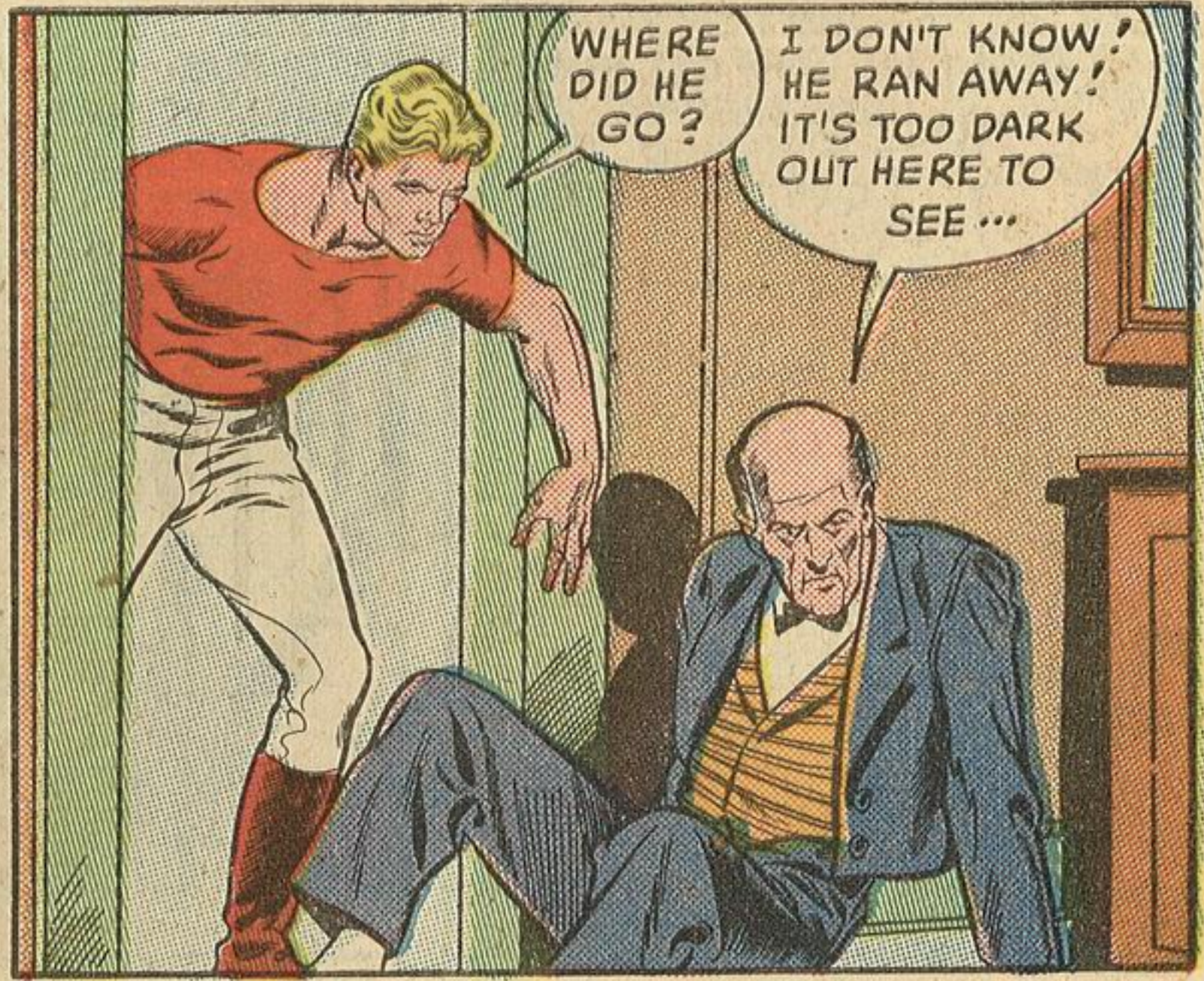
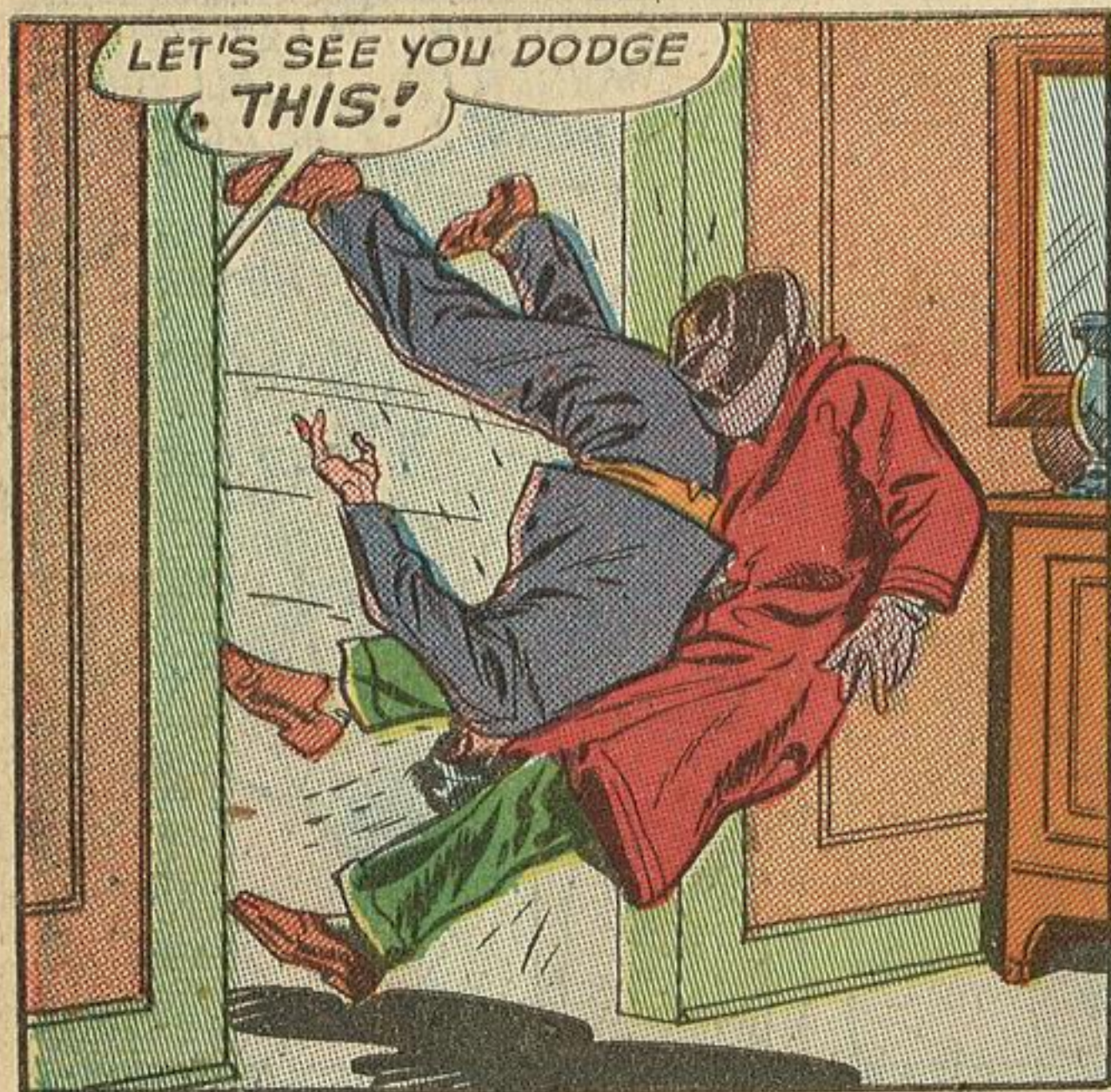
WHAT'S UP INSIDE?

IT'S CAPTAIN TRIUMPH! COME ALONG WITH US AND FIND OUT!

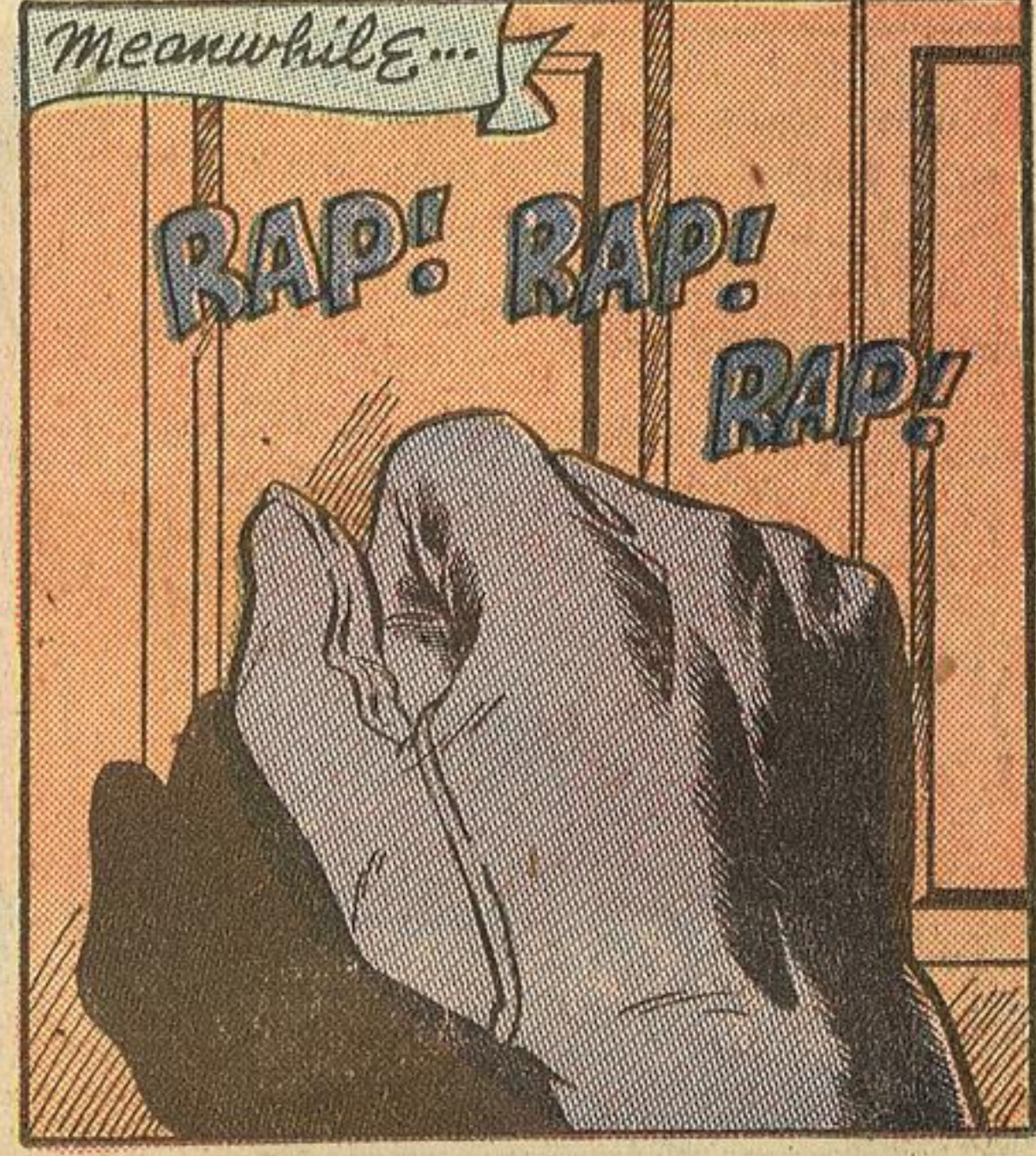
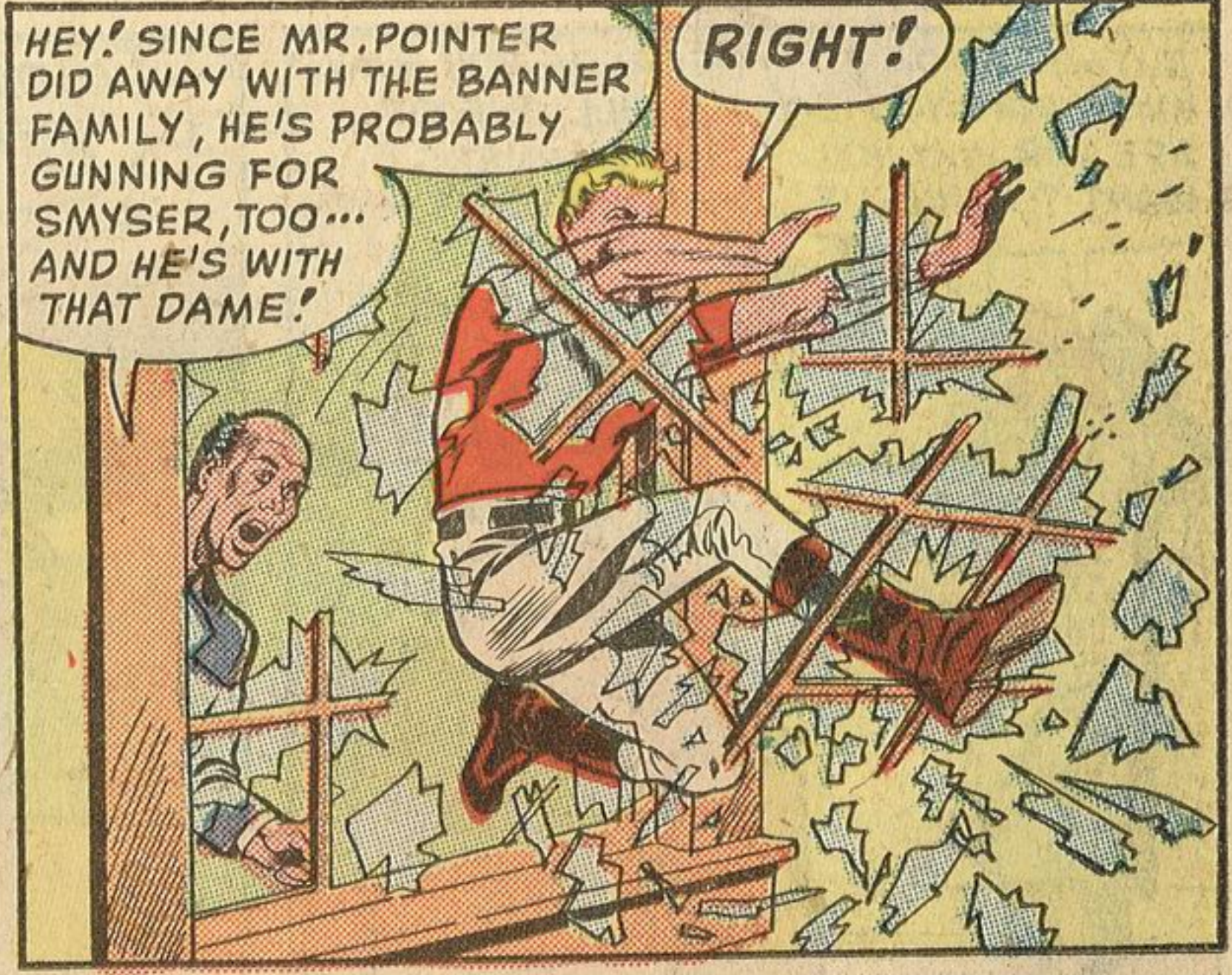
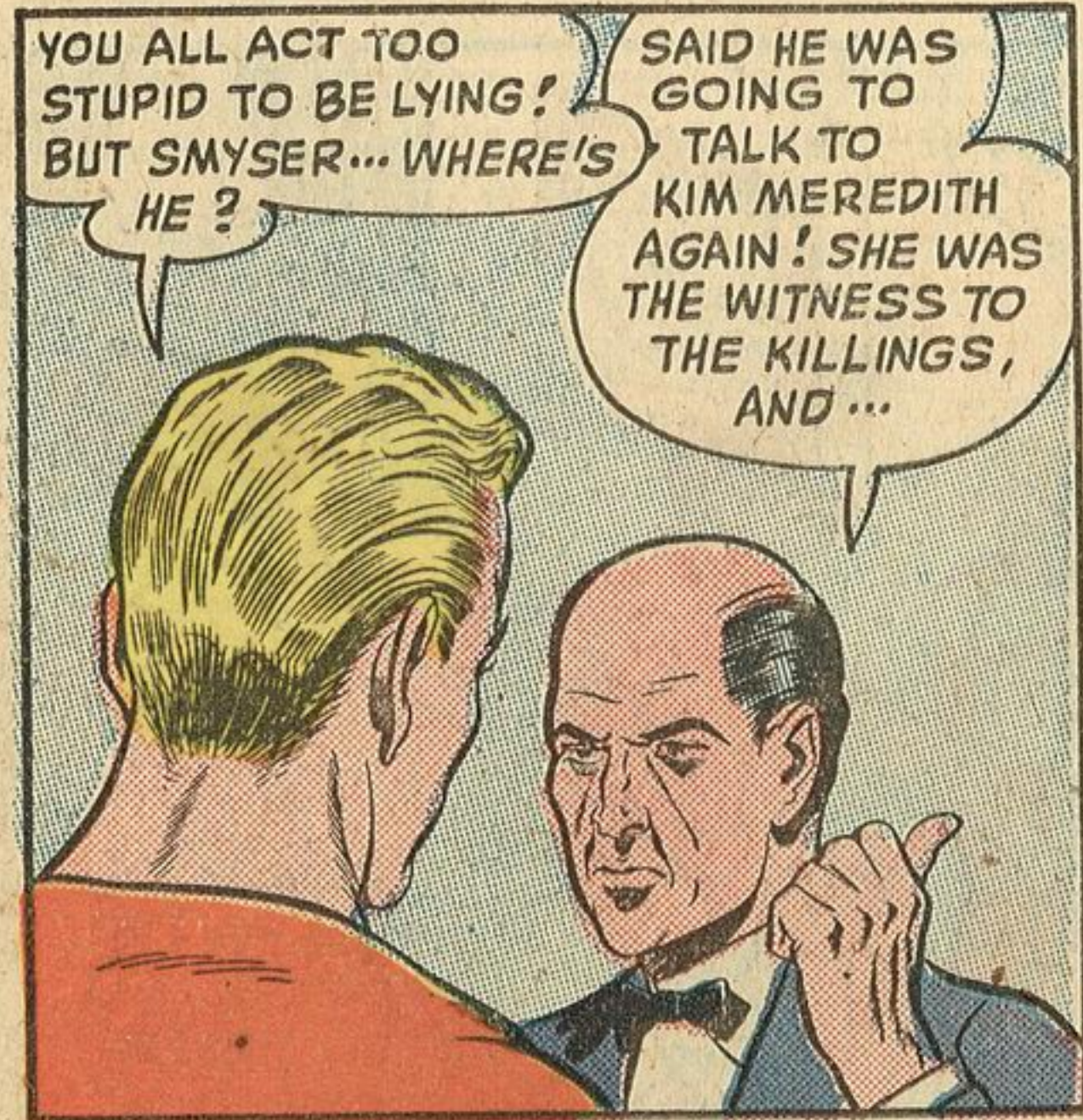
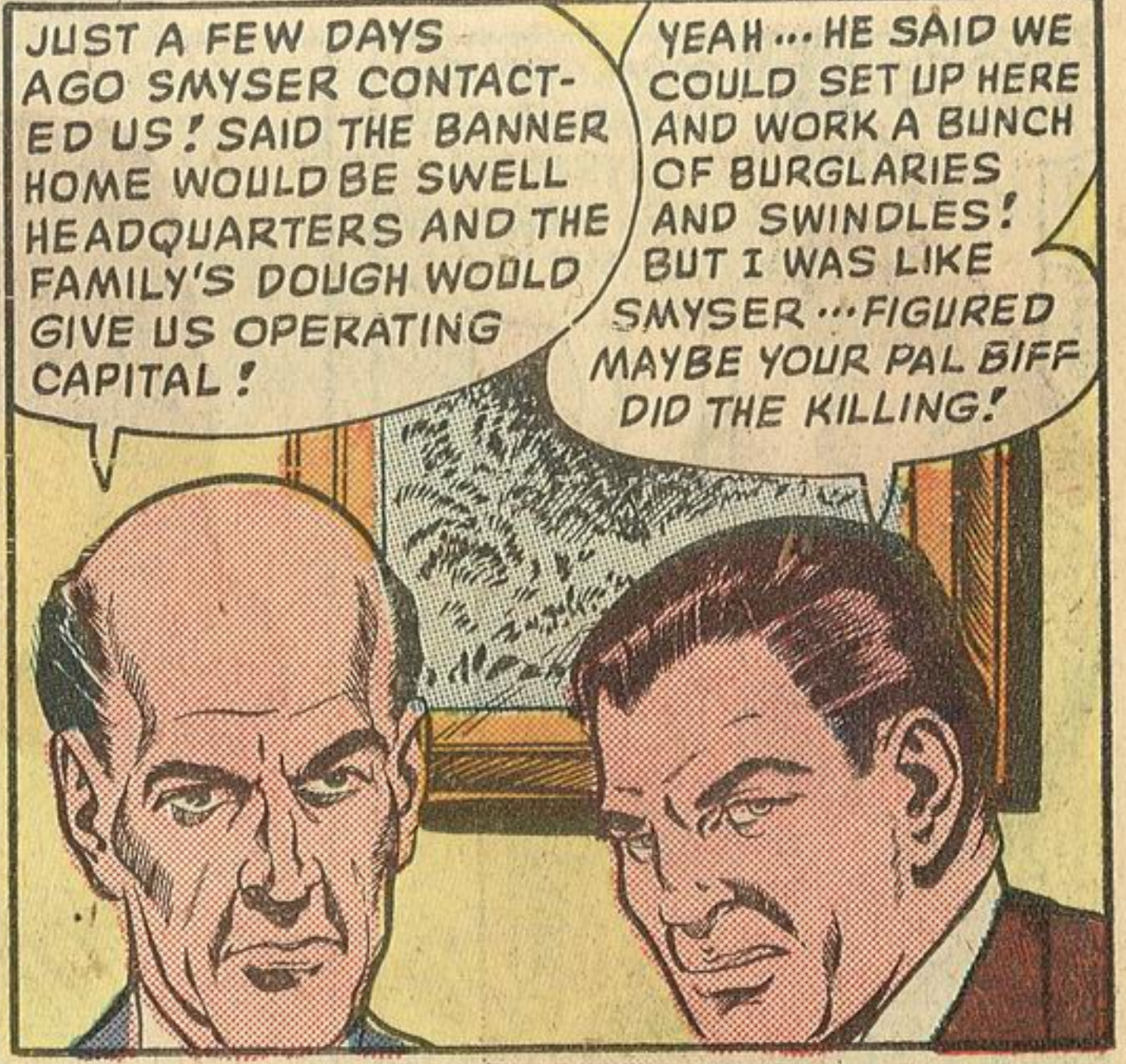
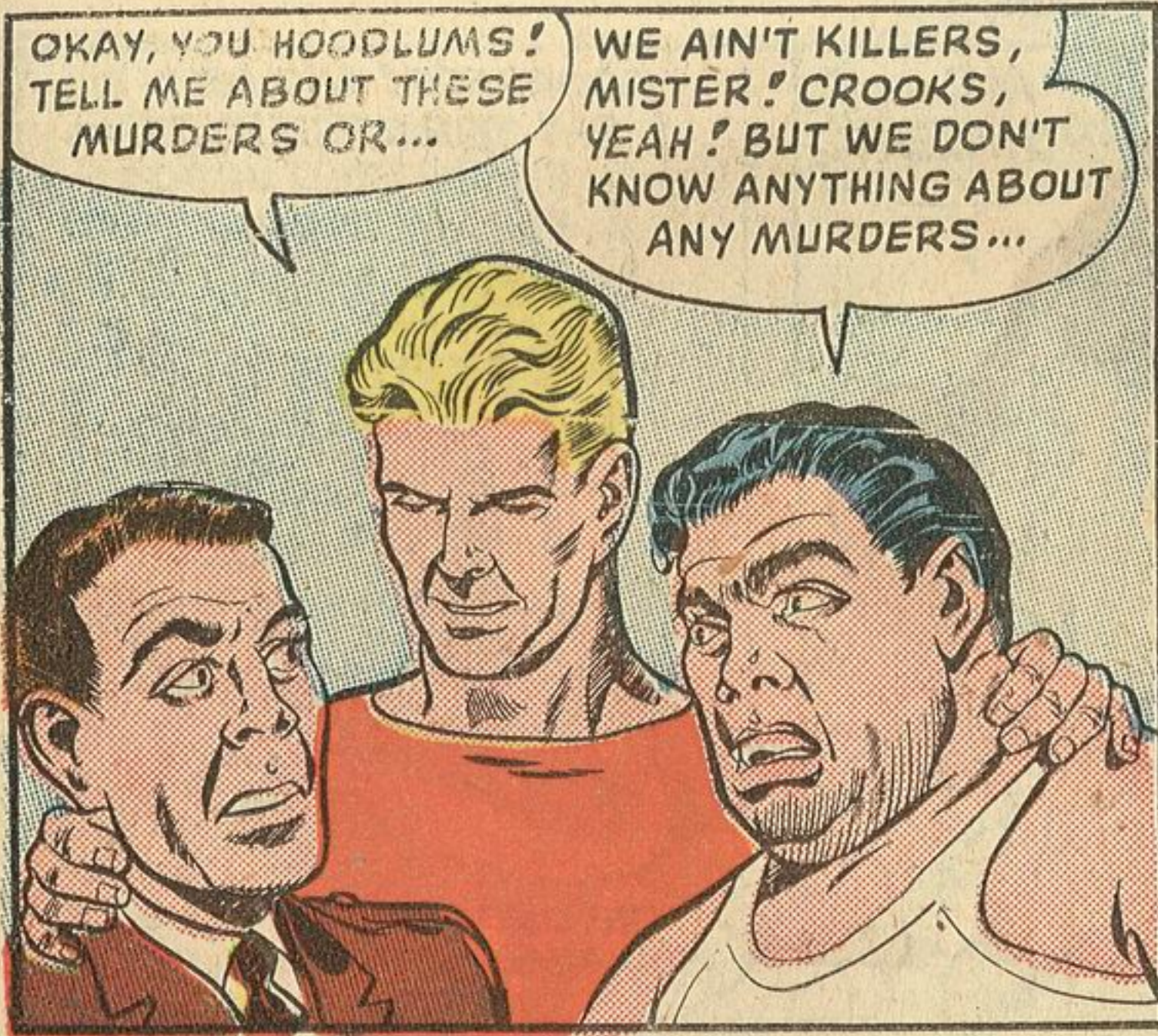








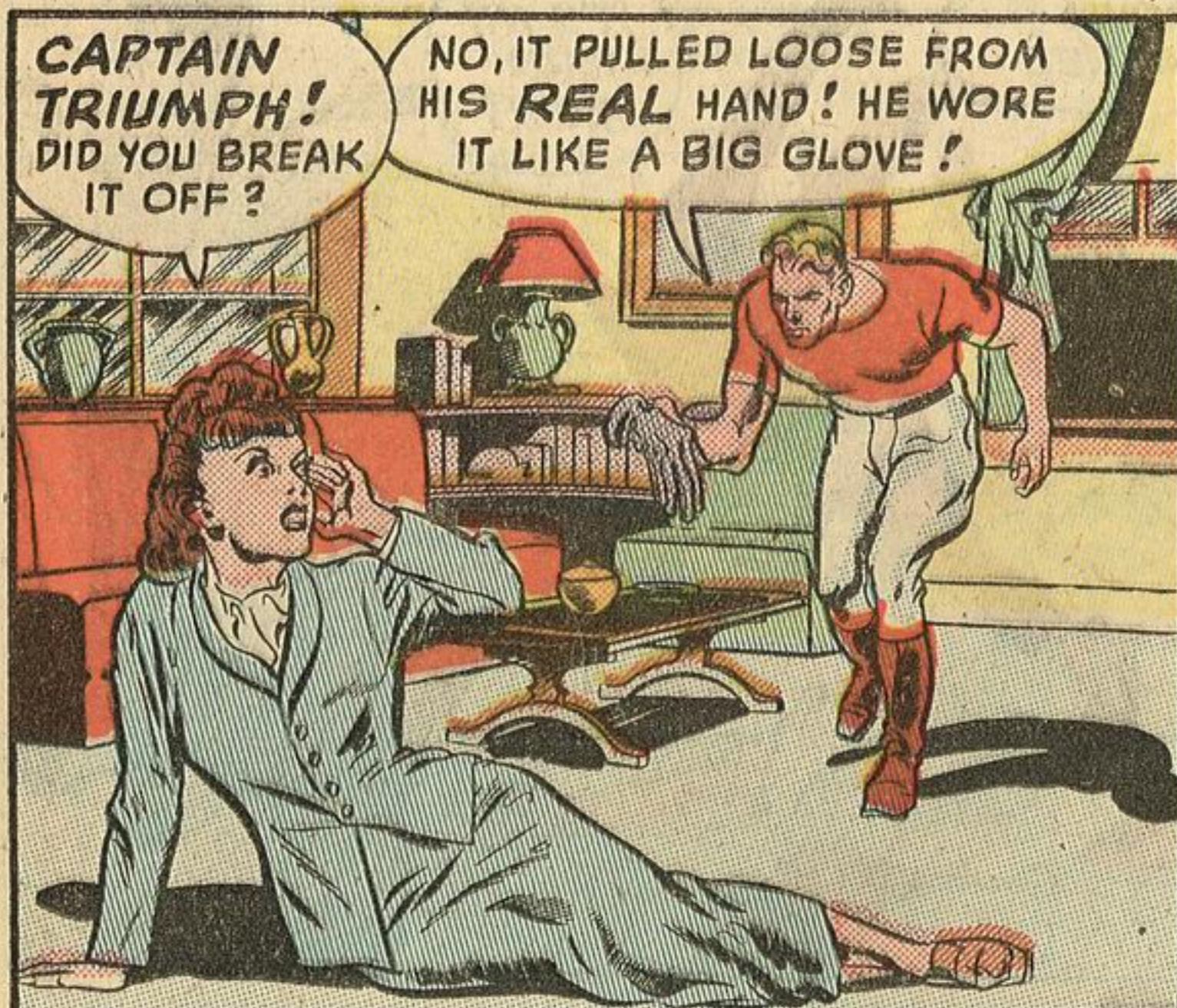
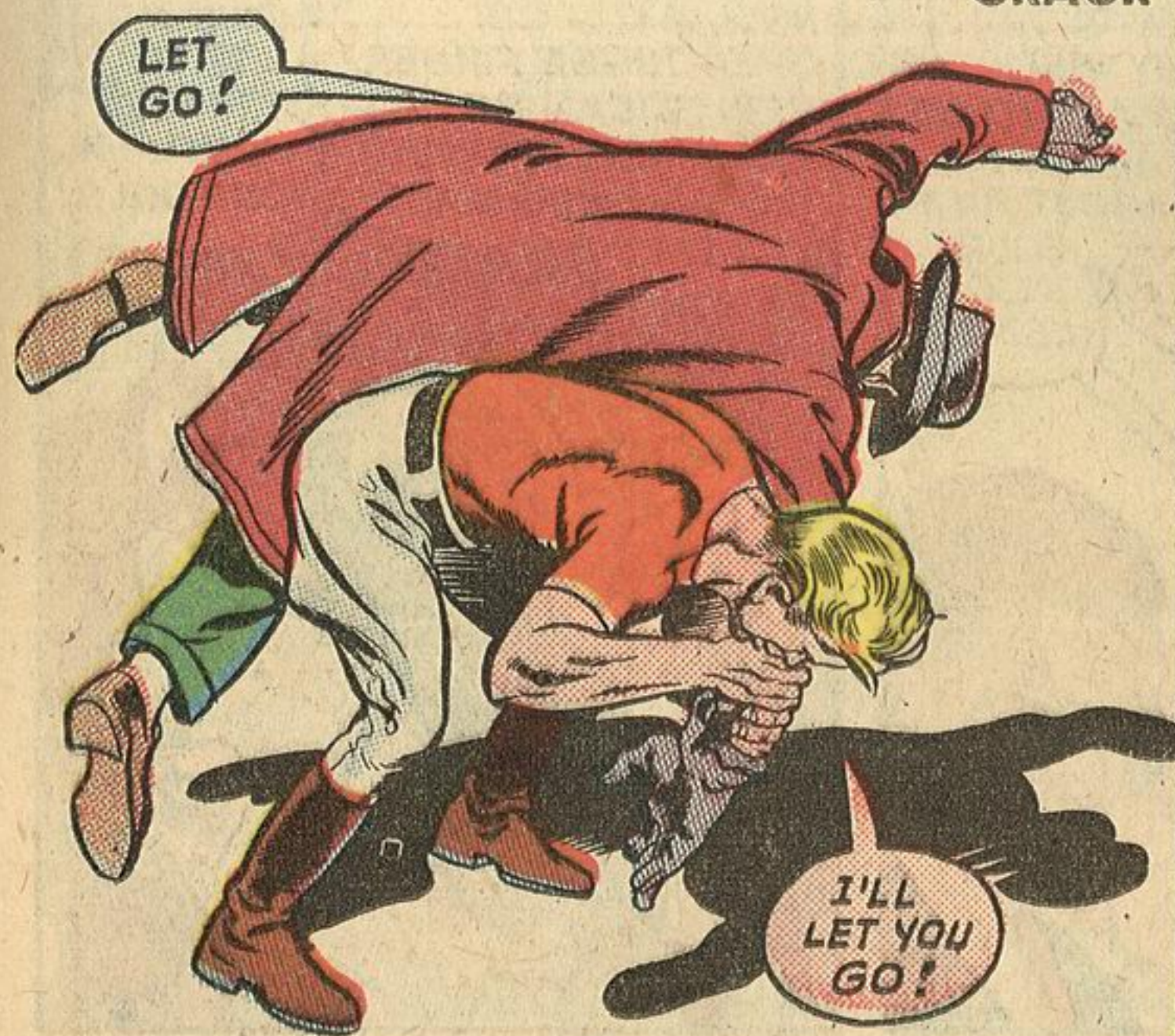






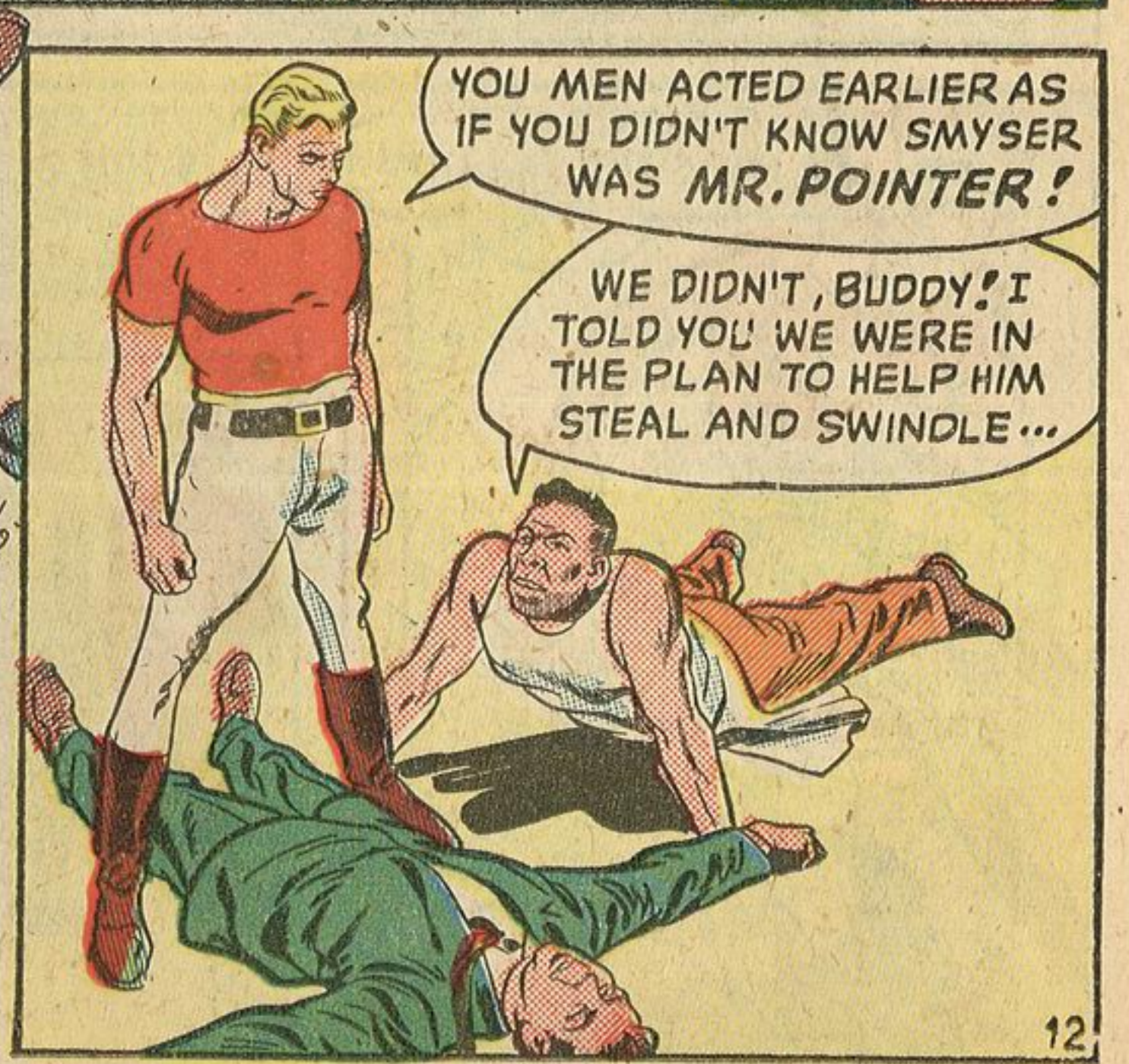
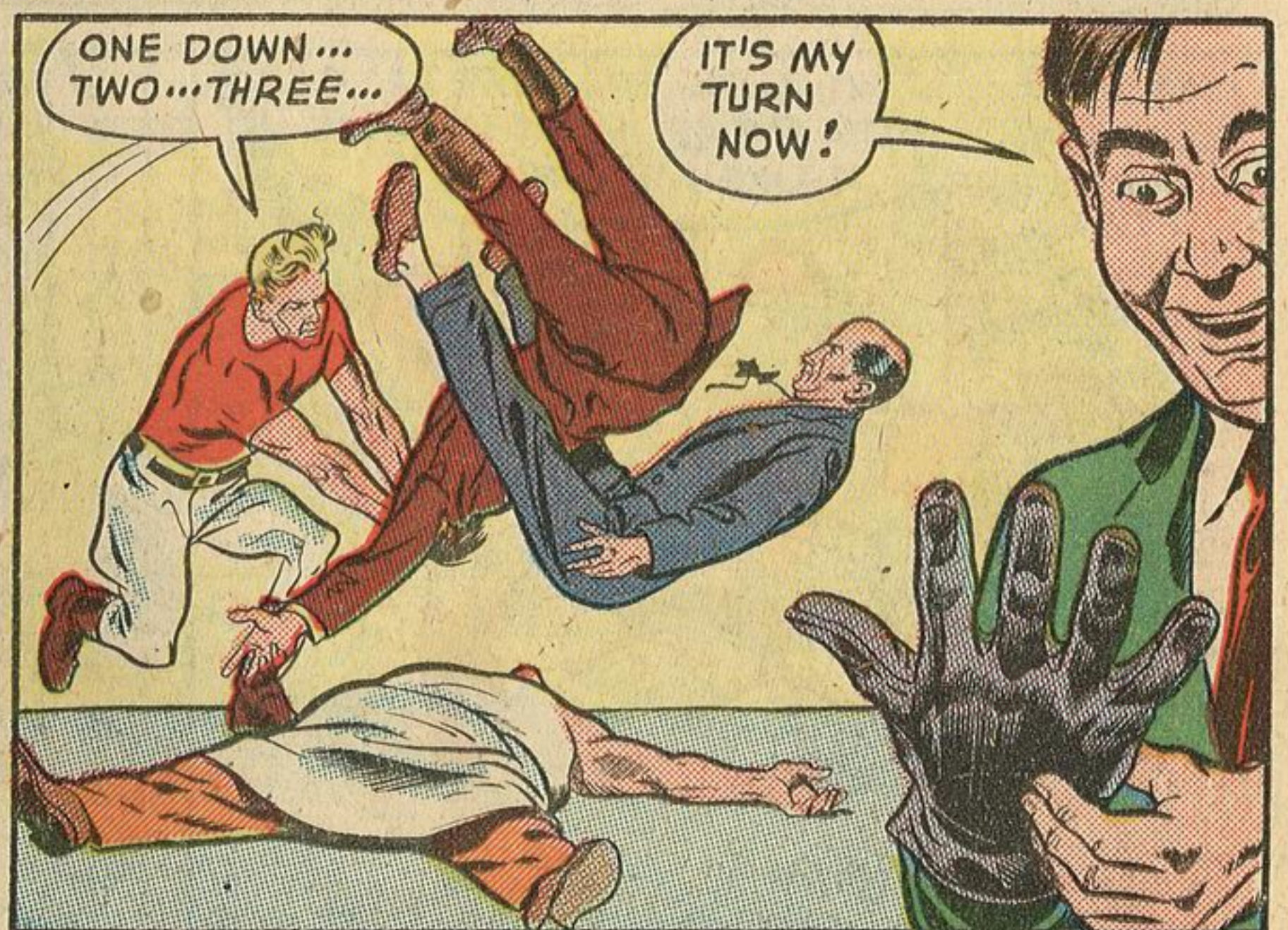




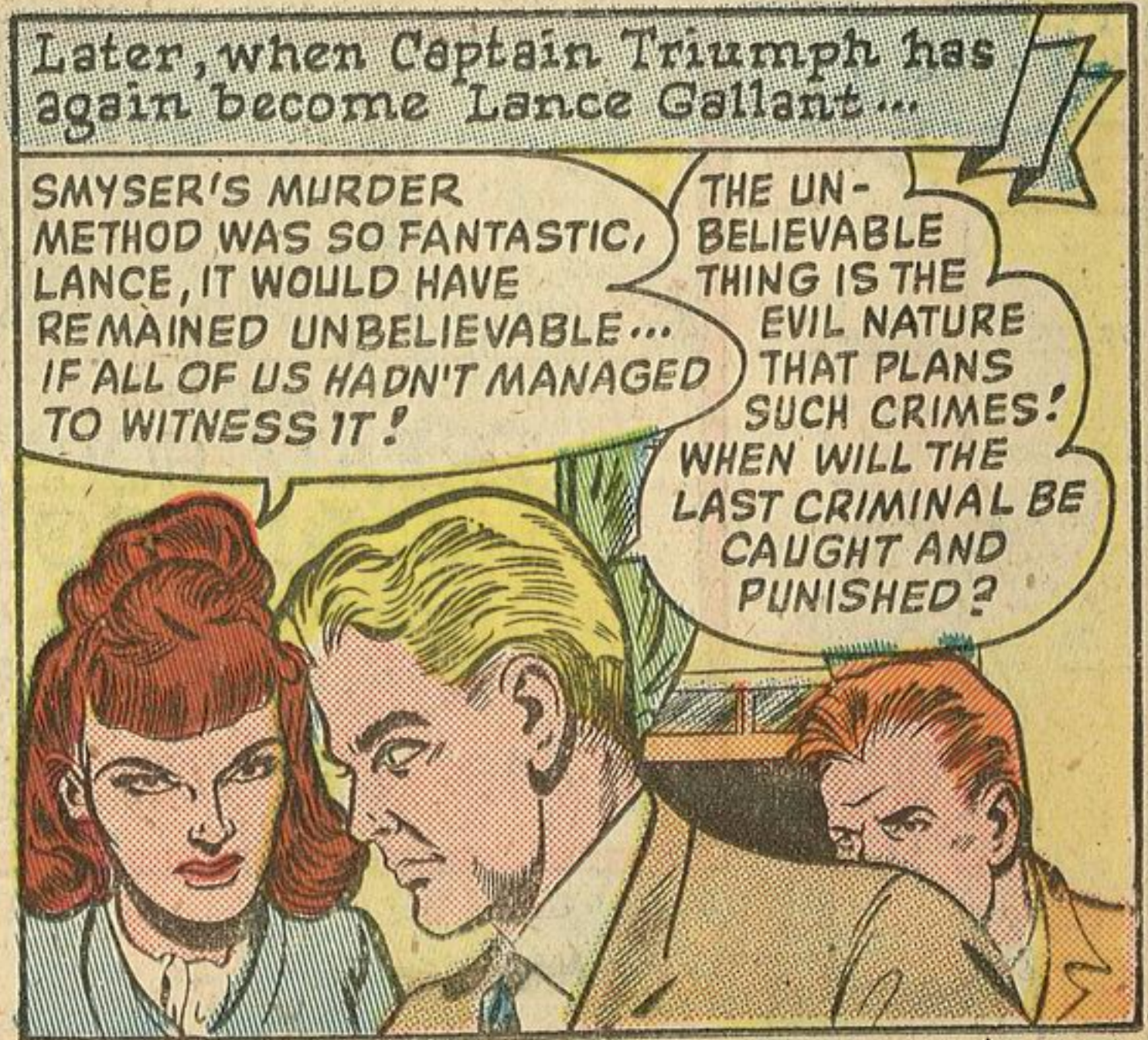
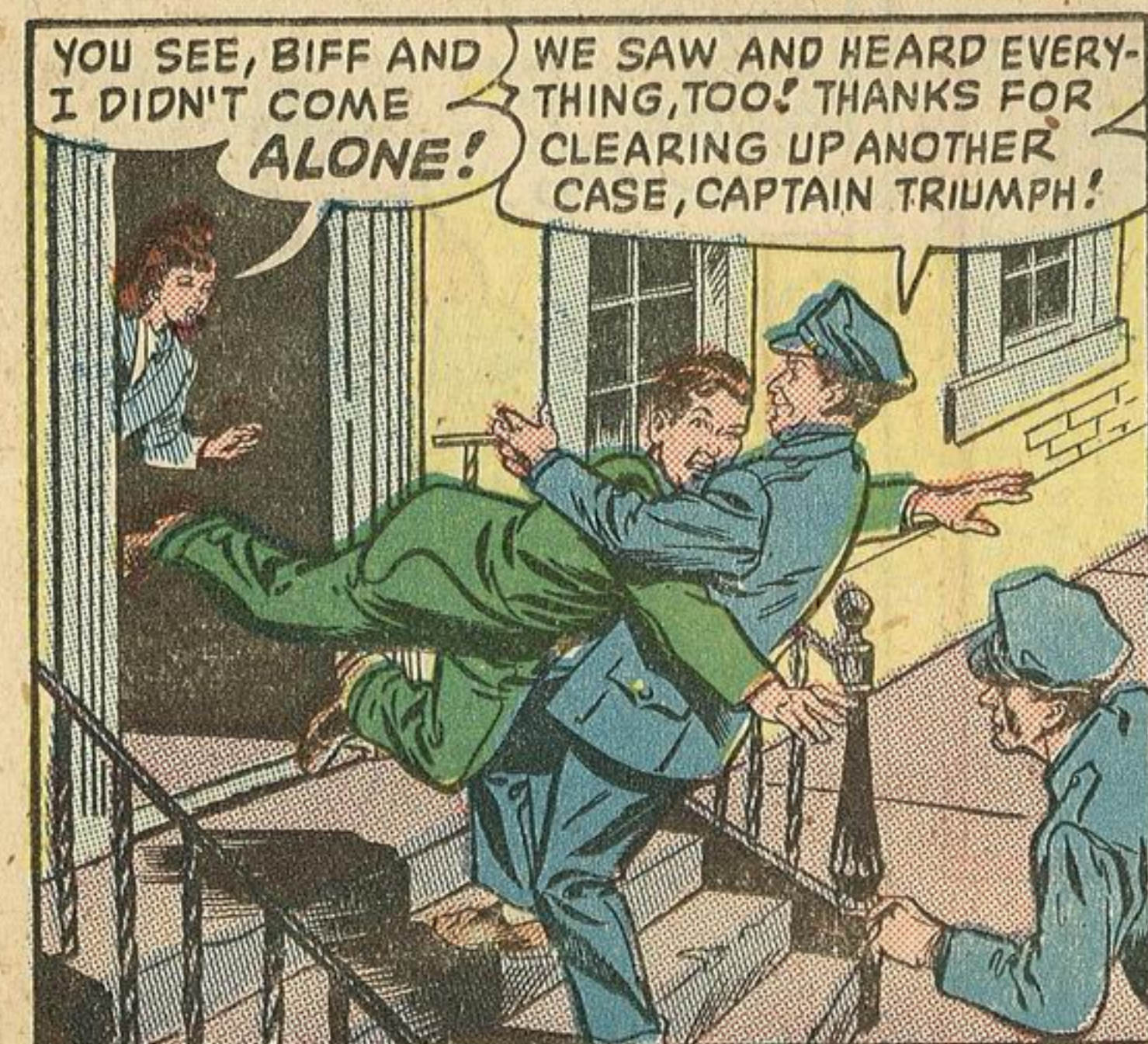
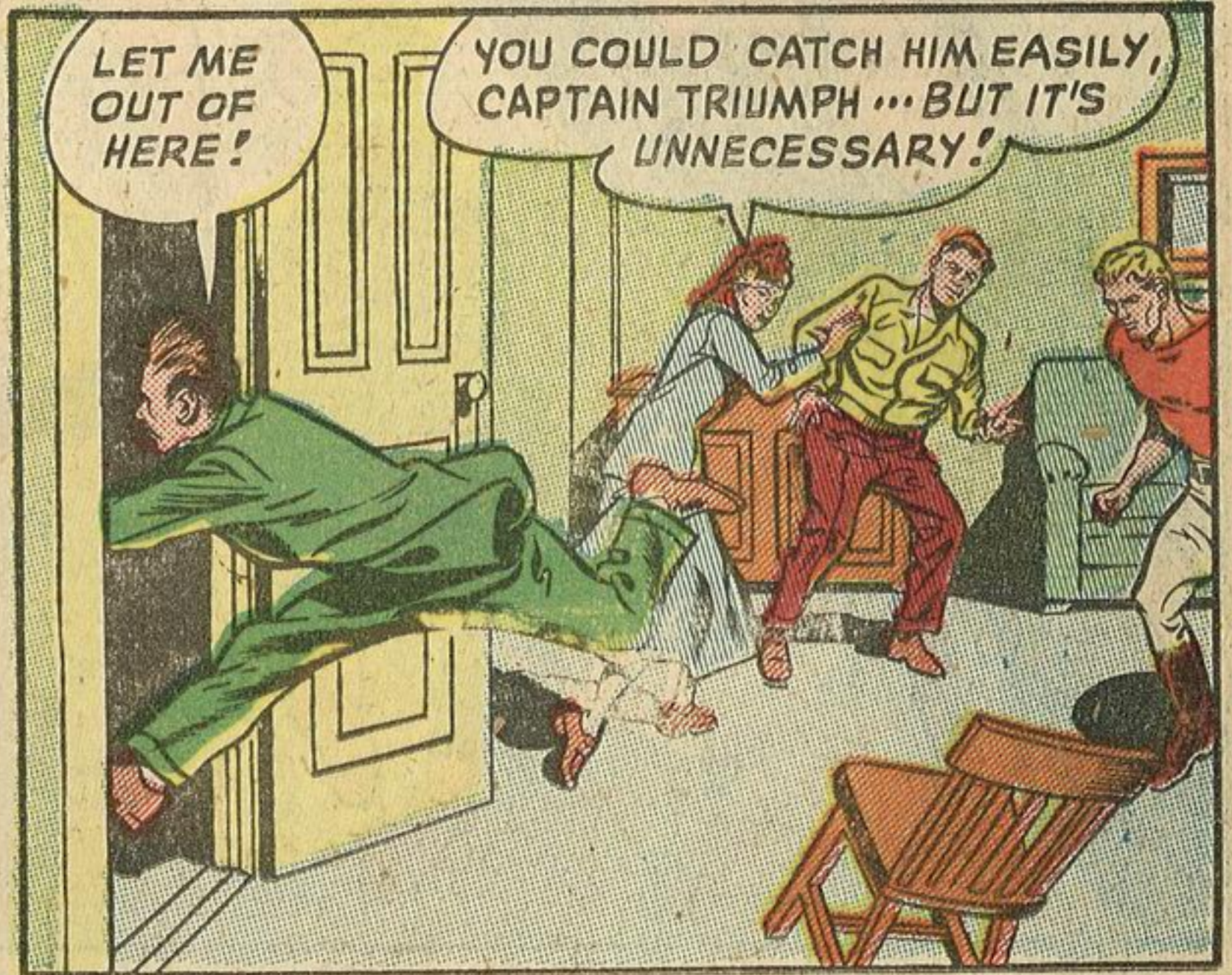




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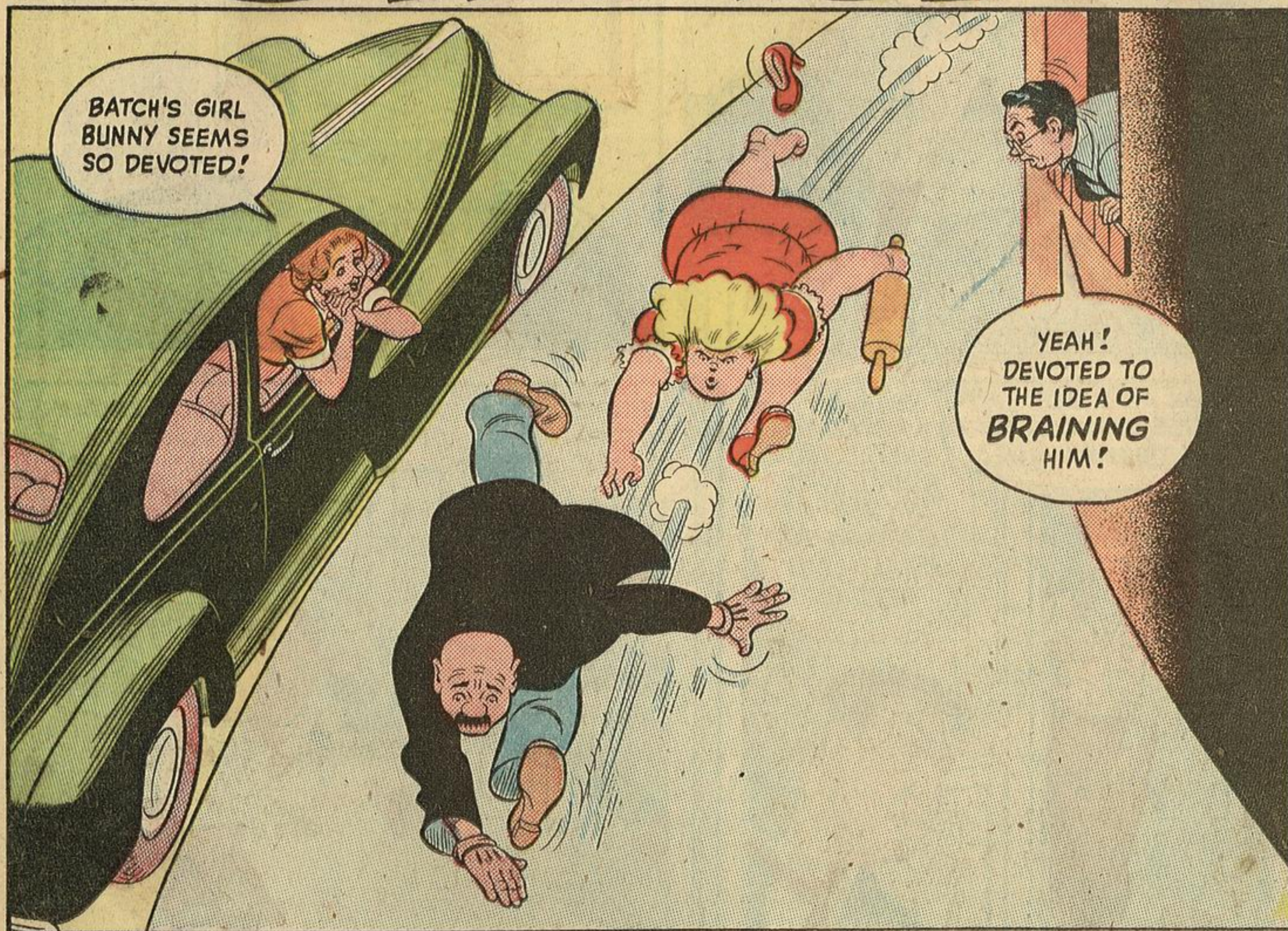




Batch

CRACK COMICS

# BACHELOR



I COULD USE THAT!

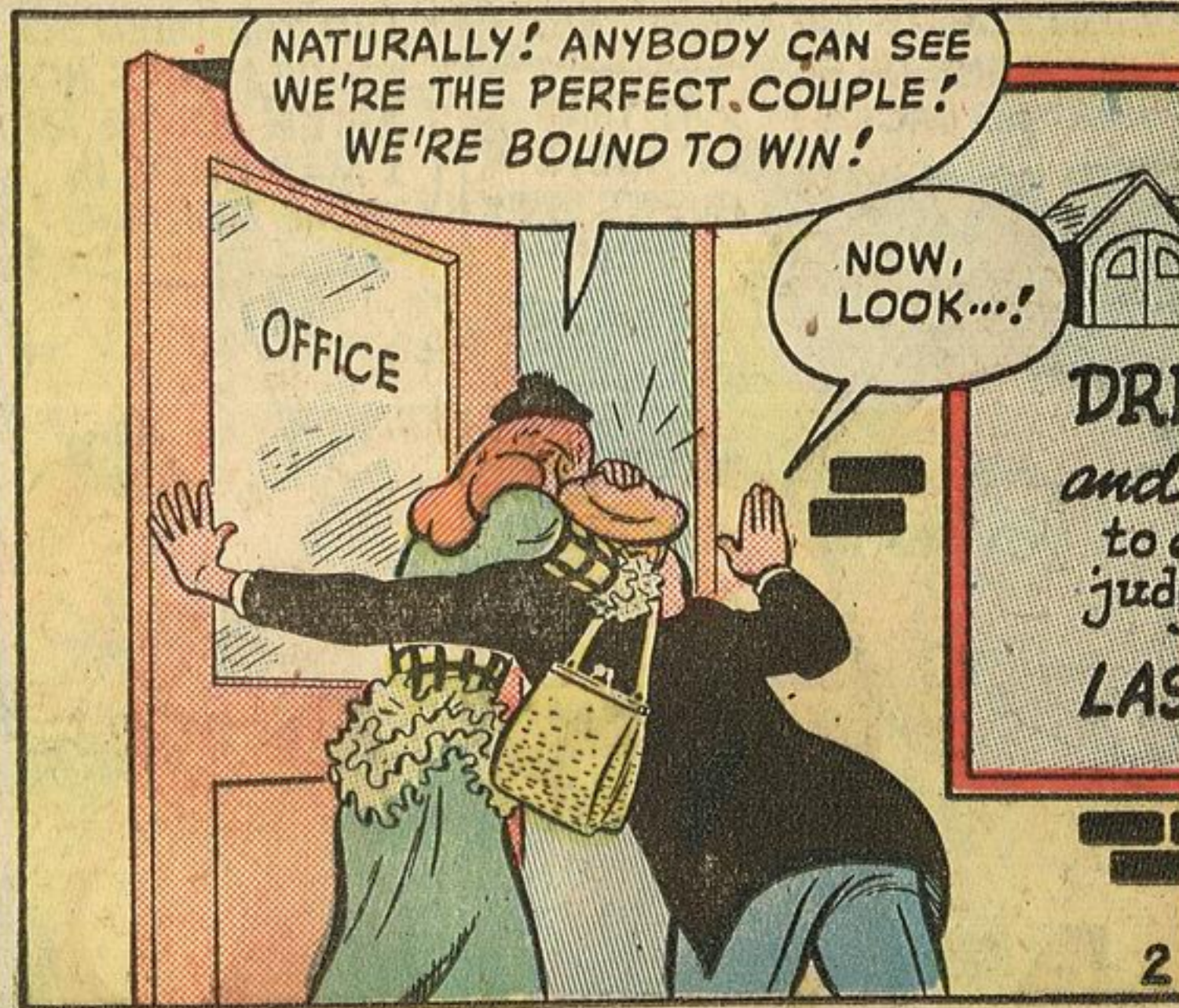
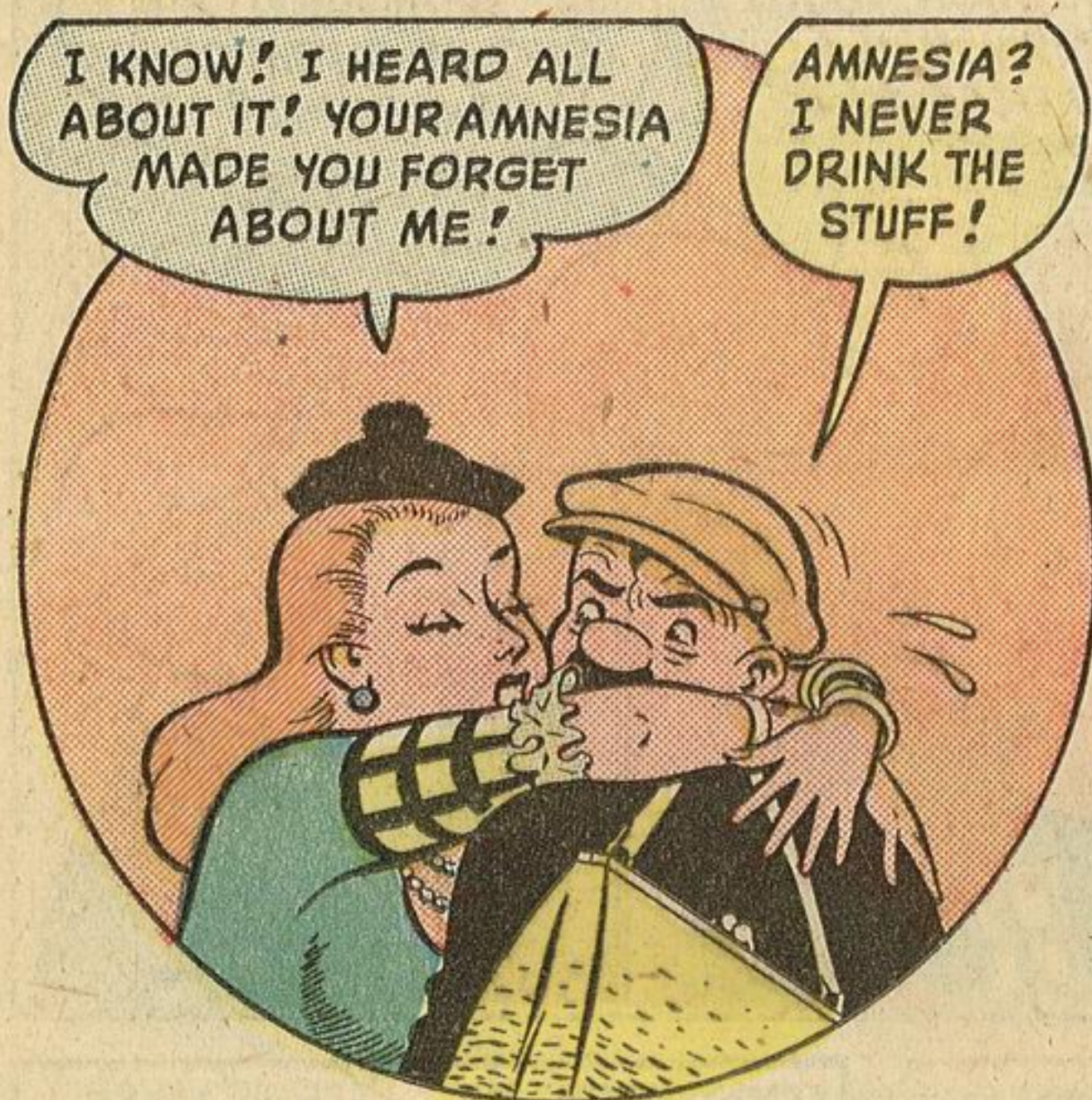
FFICE

CONTEST  
DREAM HOUSE  
and \$10,000  
to engaged couple  
judged **MOST PERFECT!**  
**LAST DAY TO ENTER!**

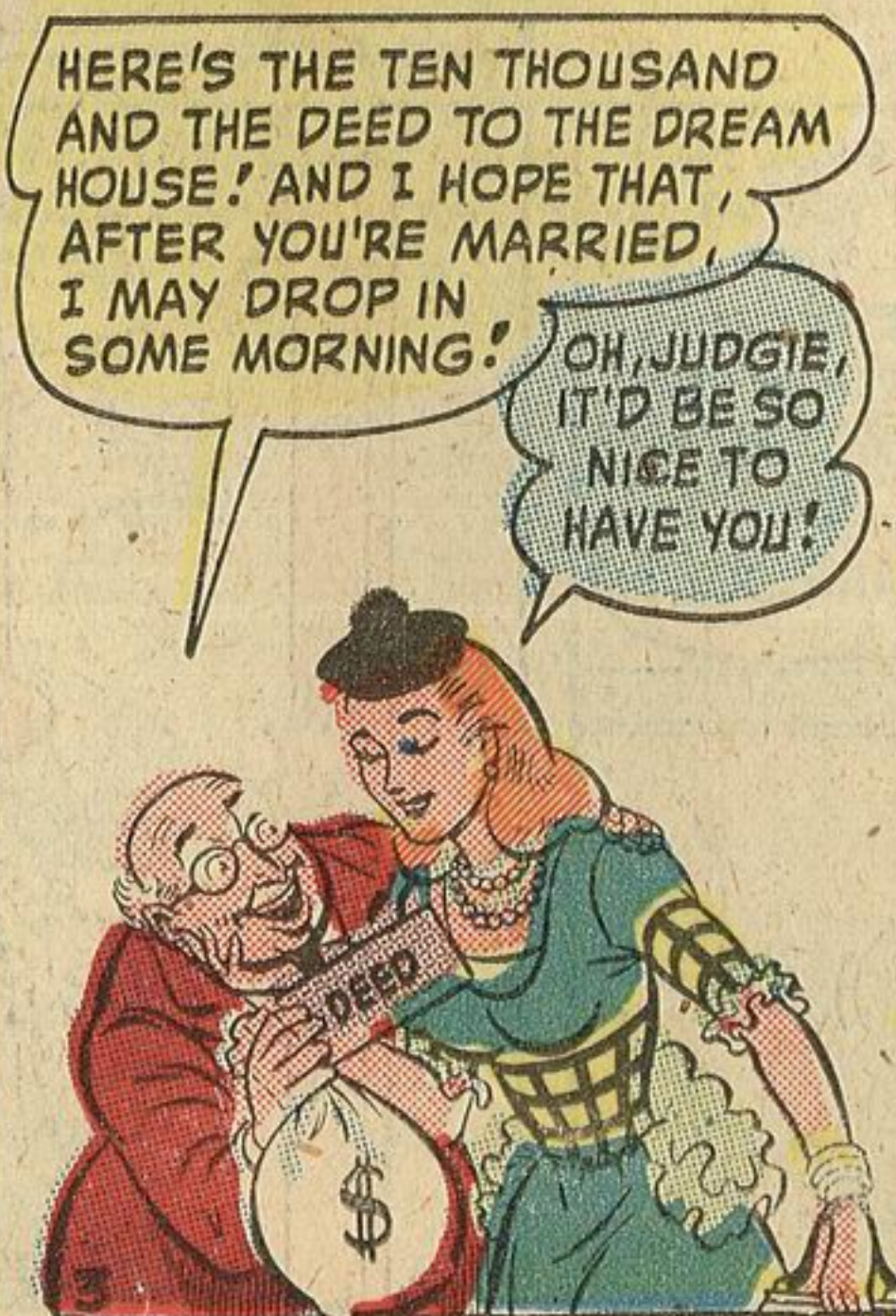
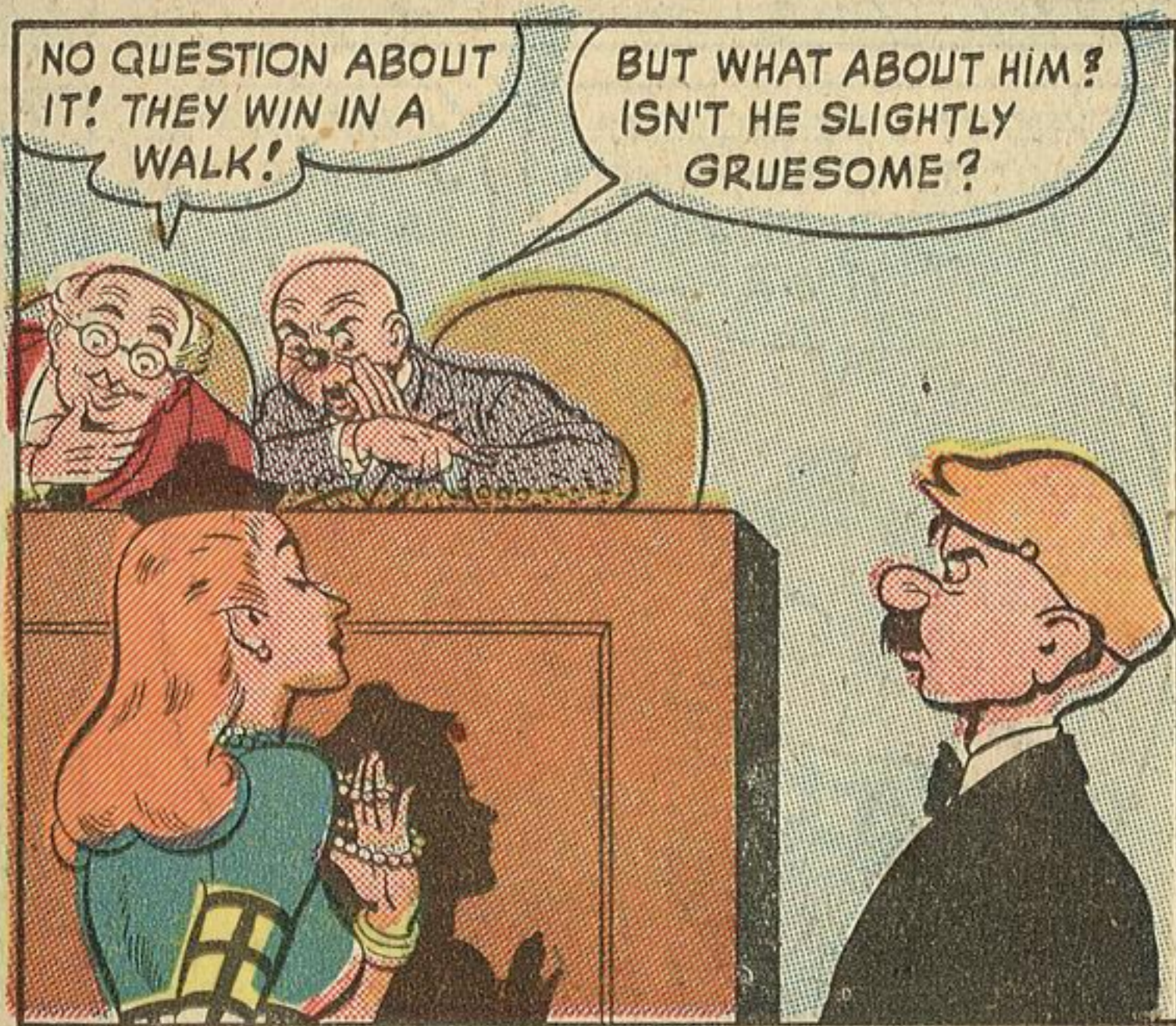
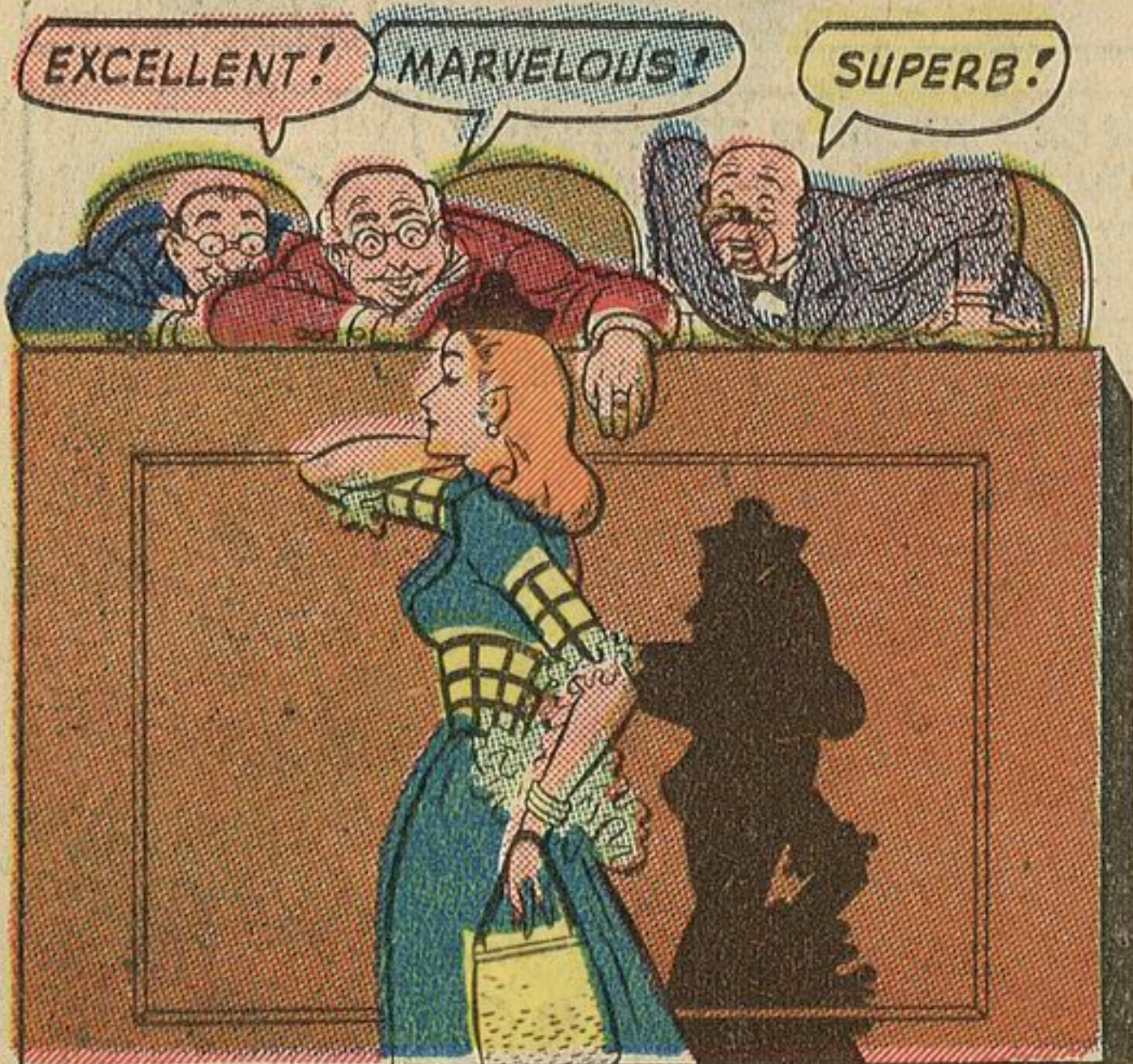
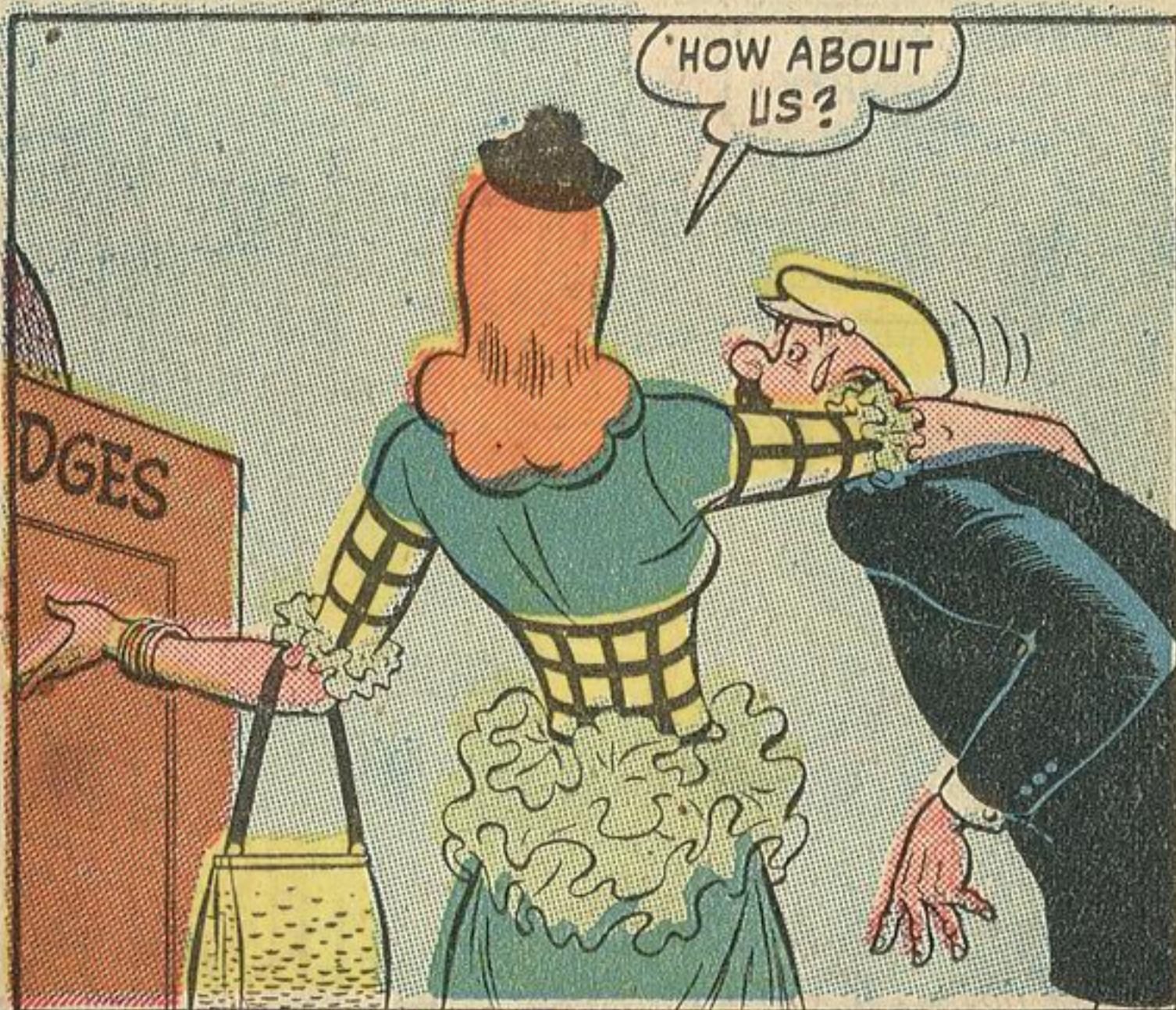
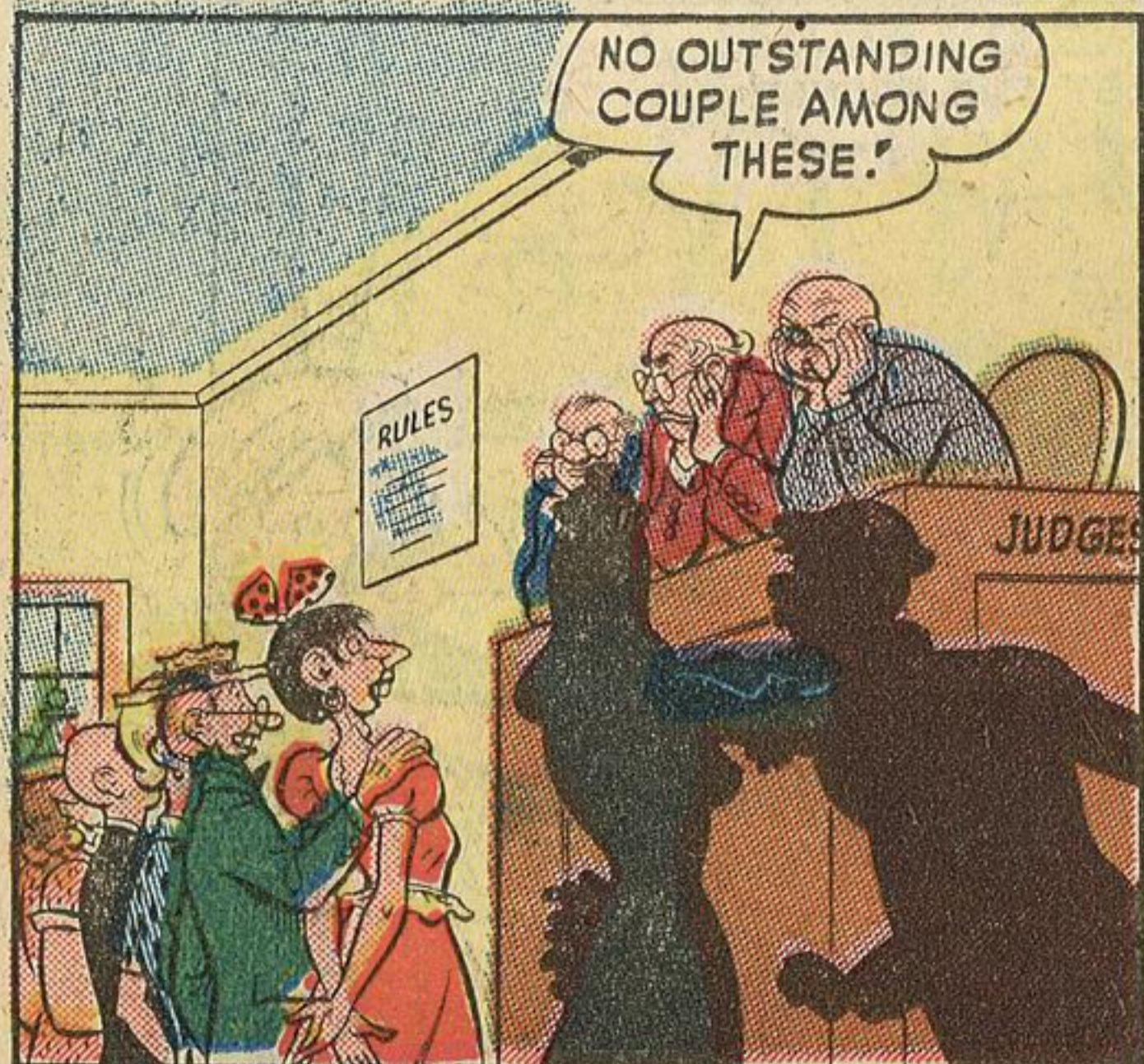
ONLY I'M NOT A COUPLE!

SE  
DO  
er!  
R!

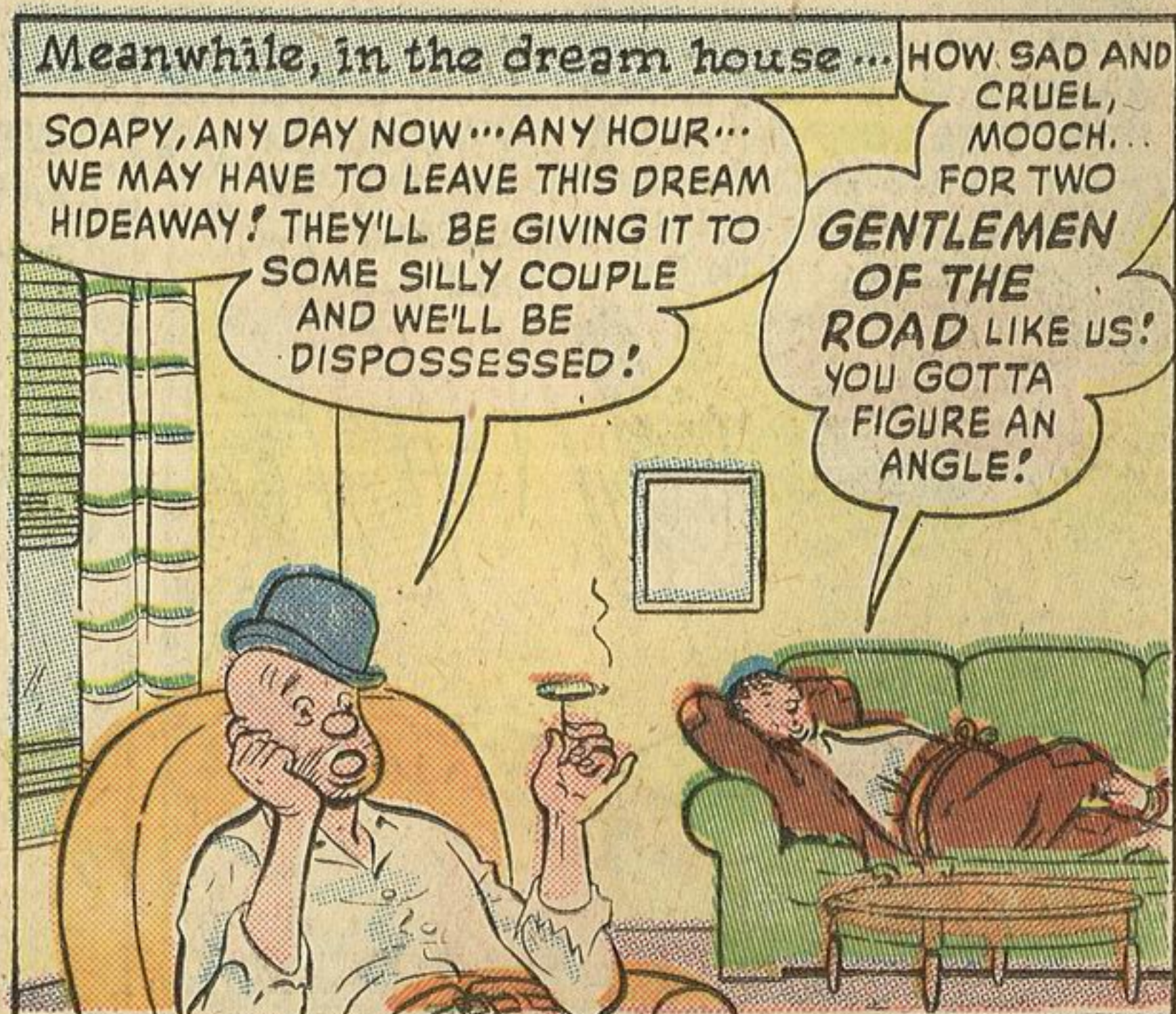
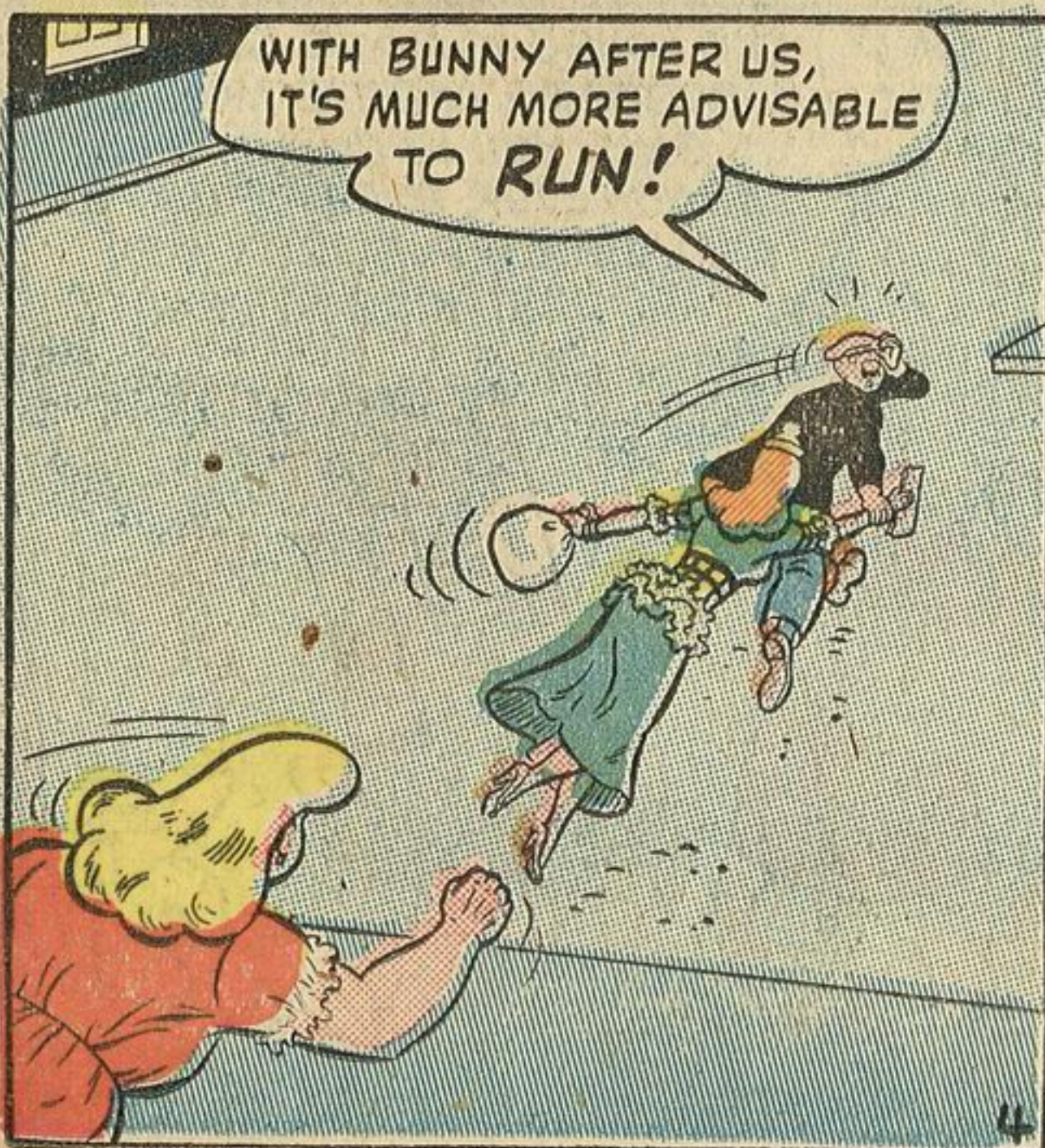
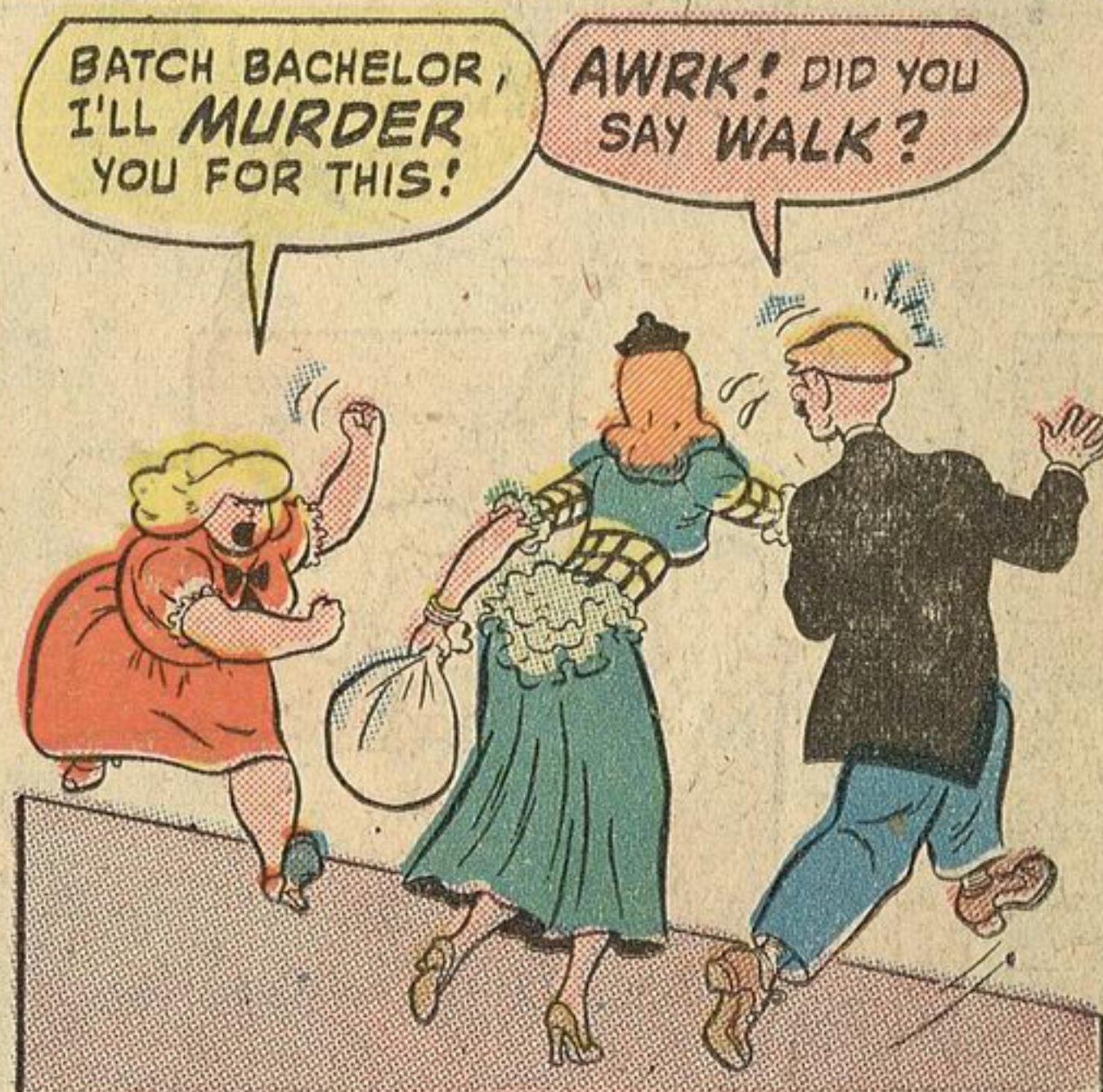
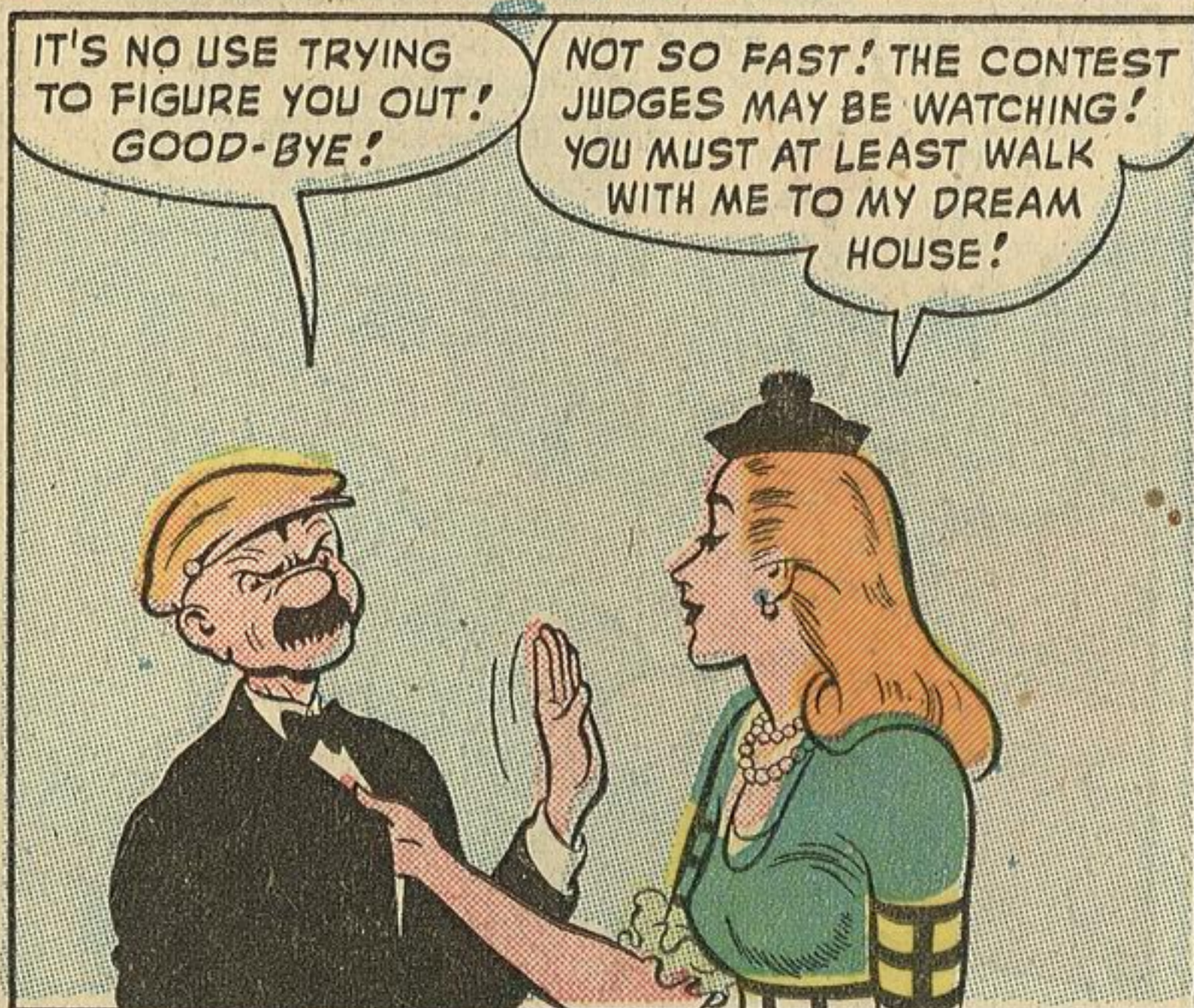
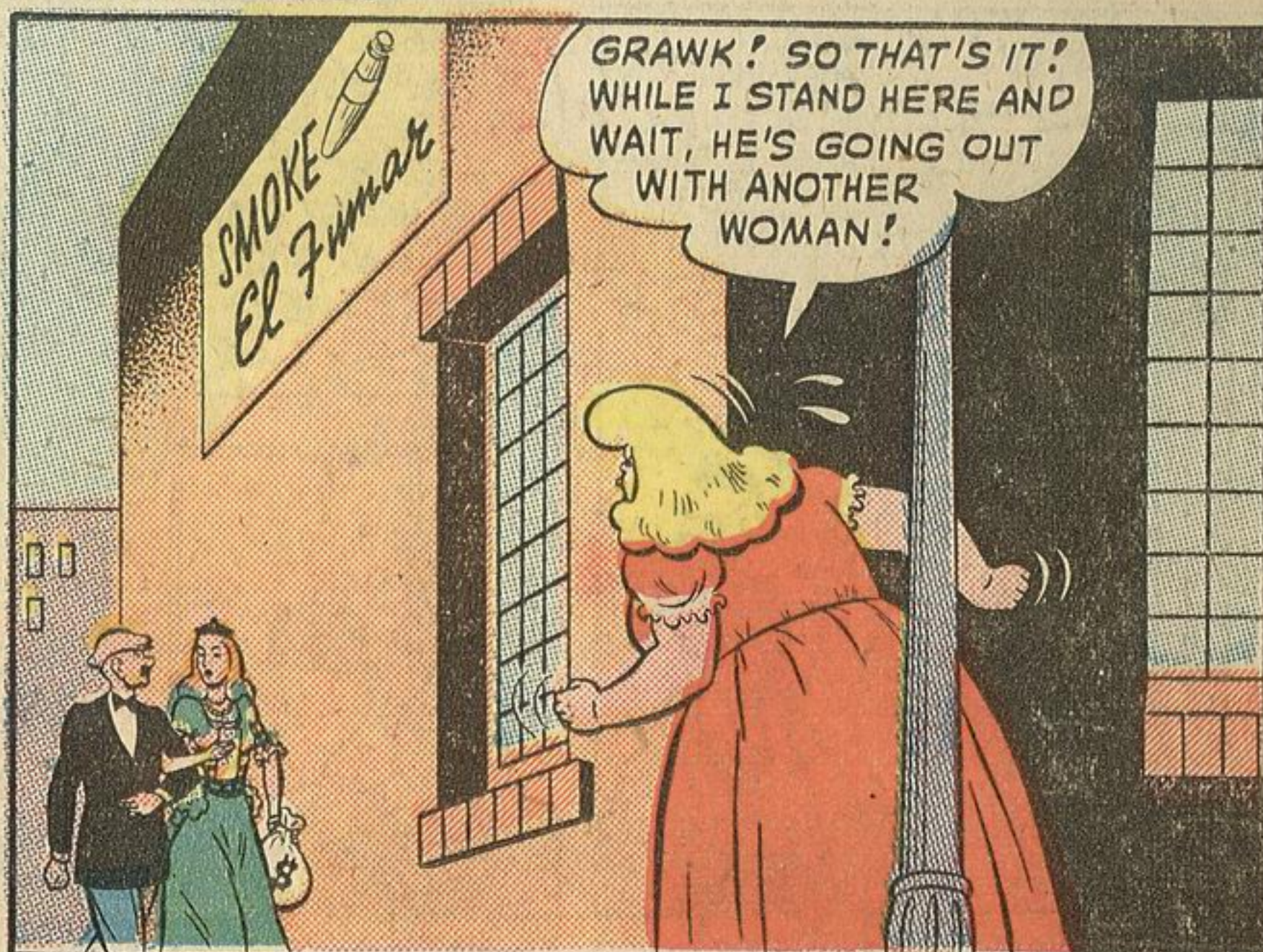






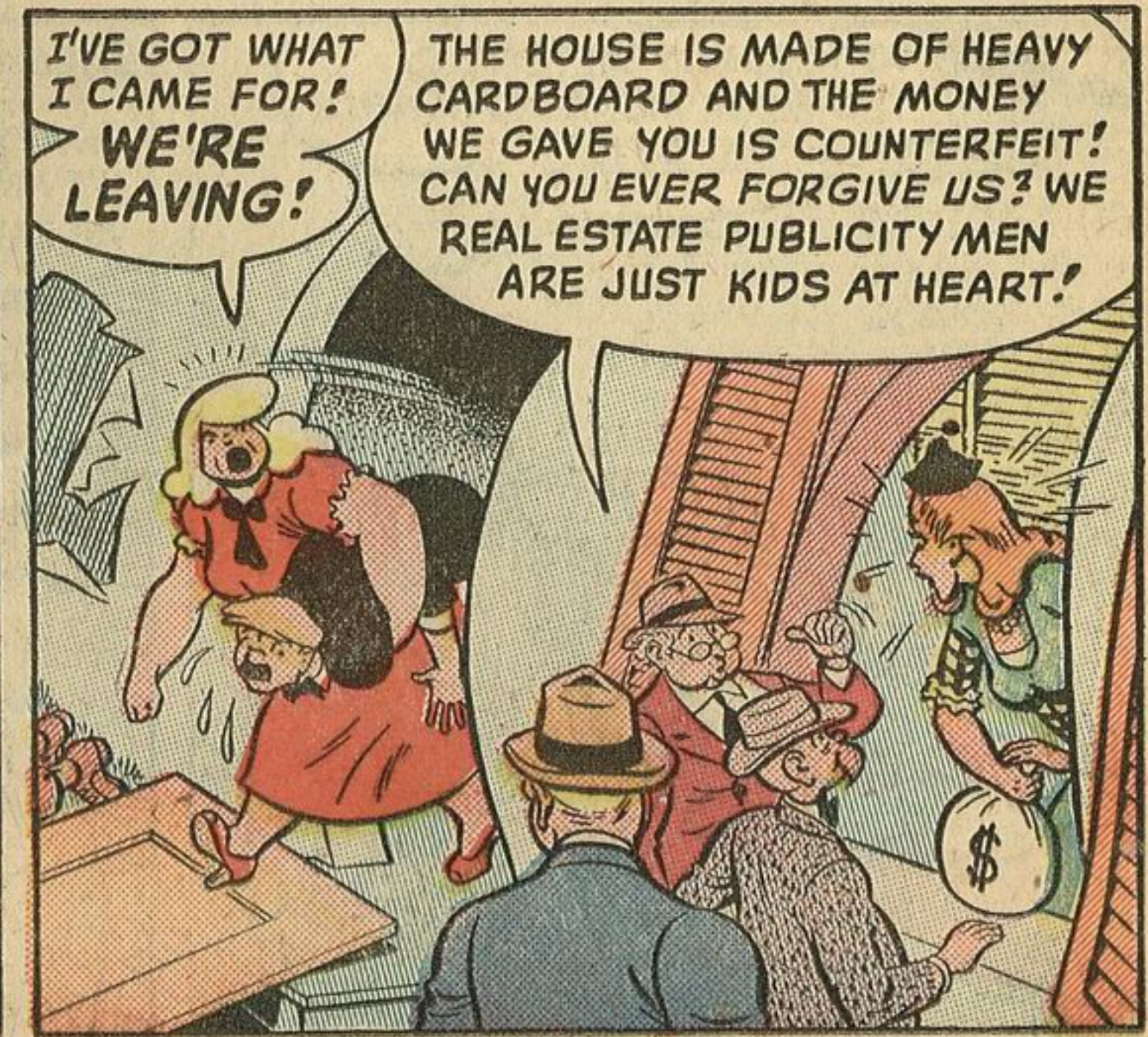
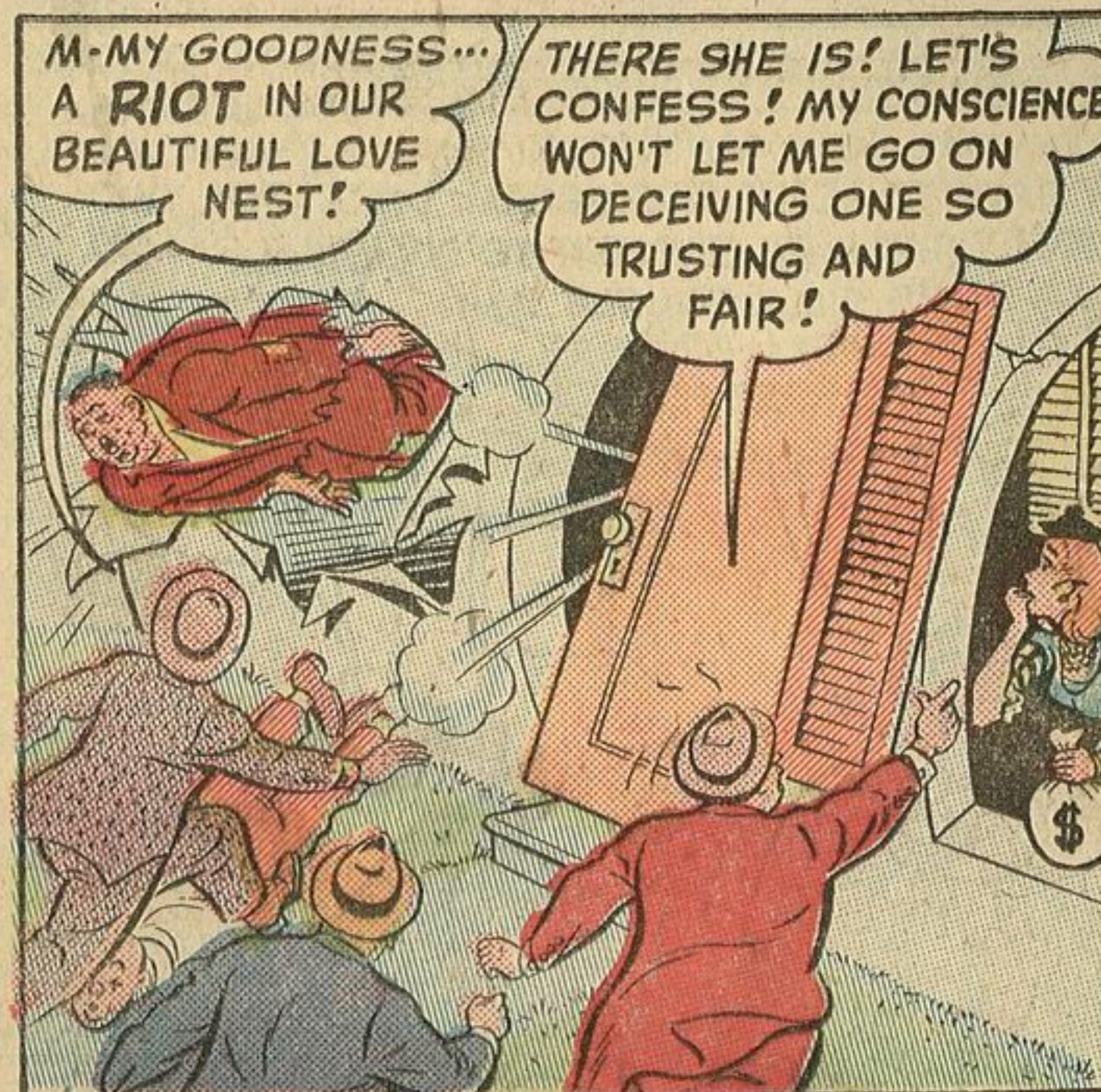
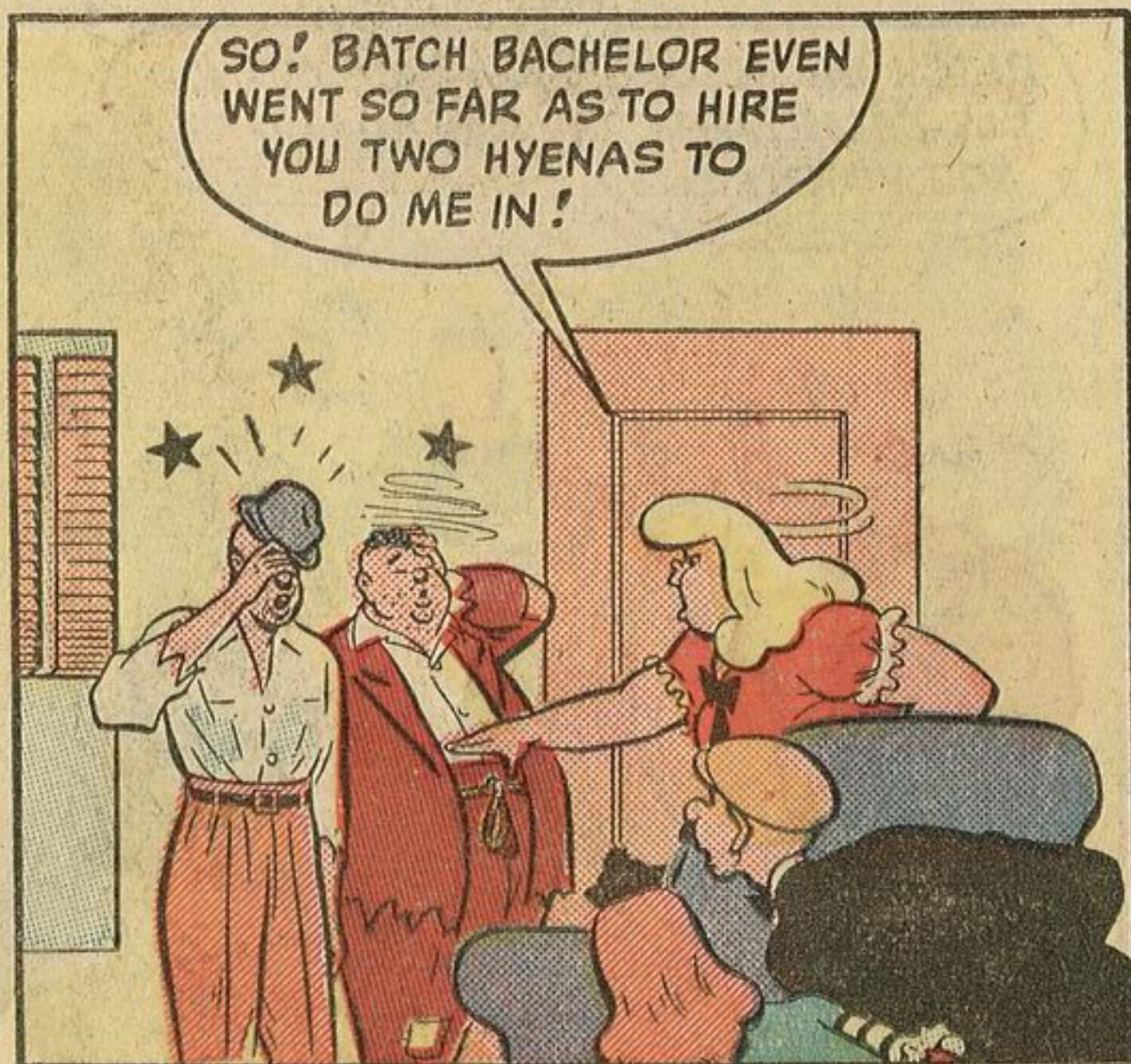
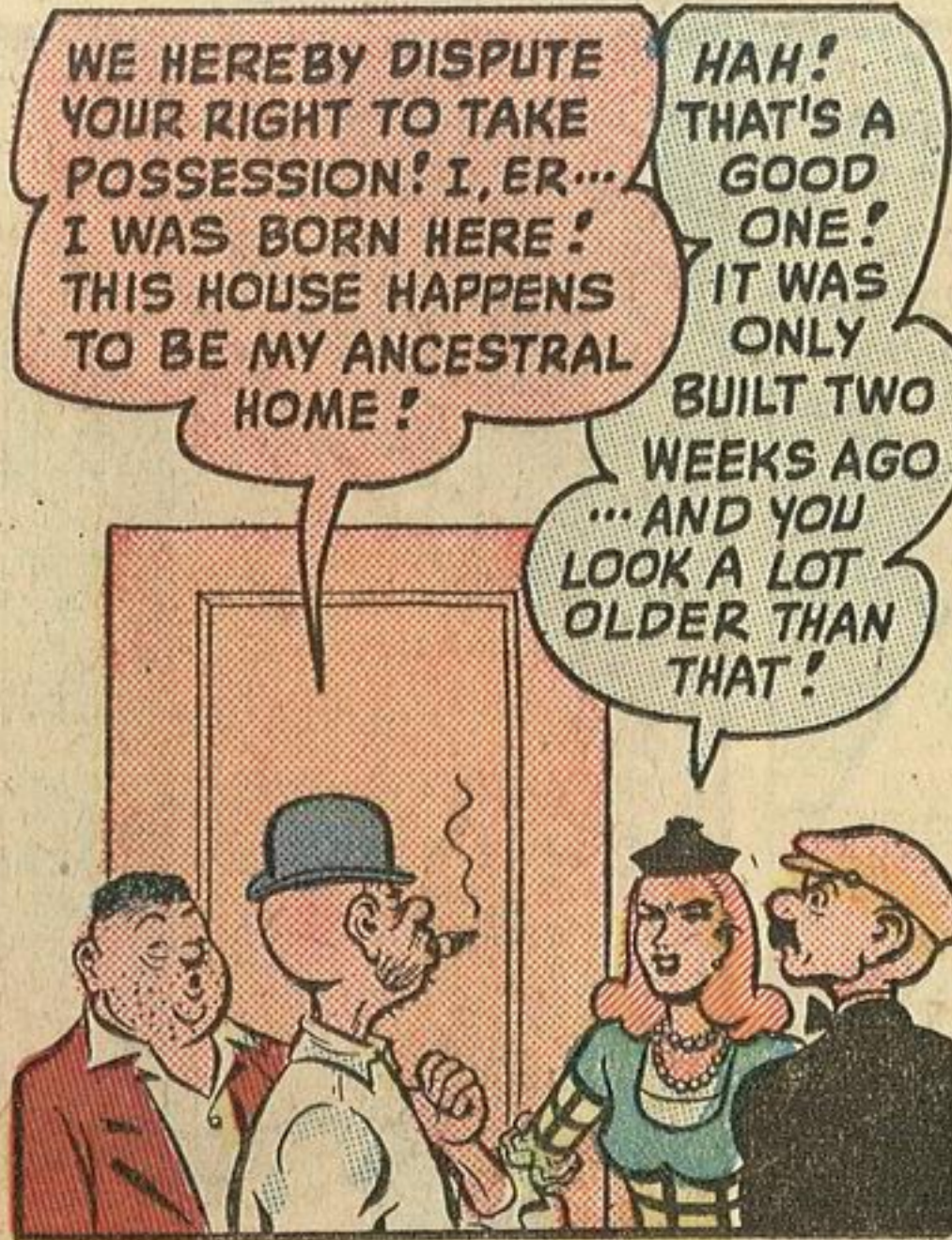








# CRACK COMICS





# Hack O'Hara

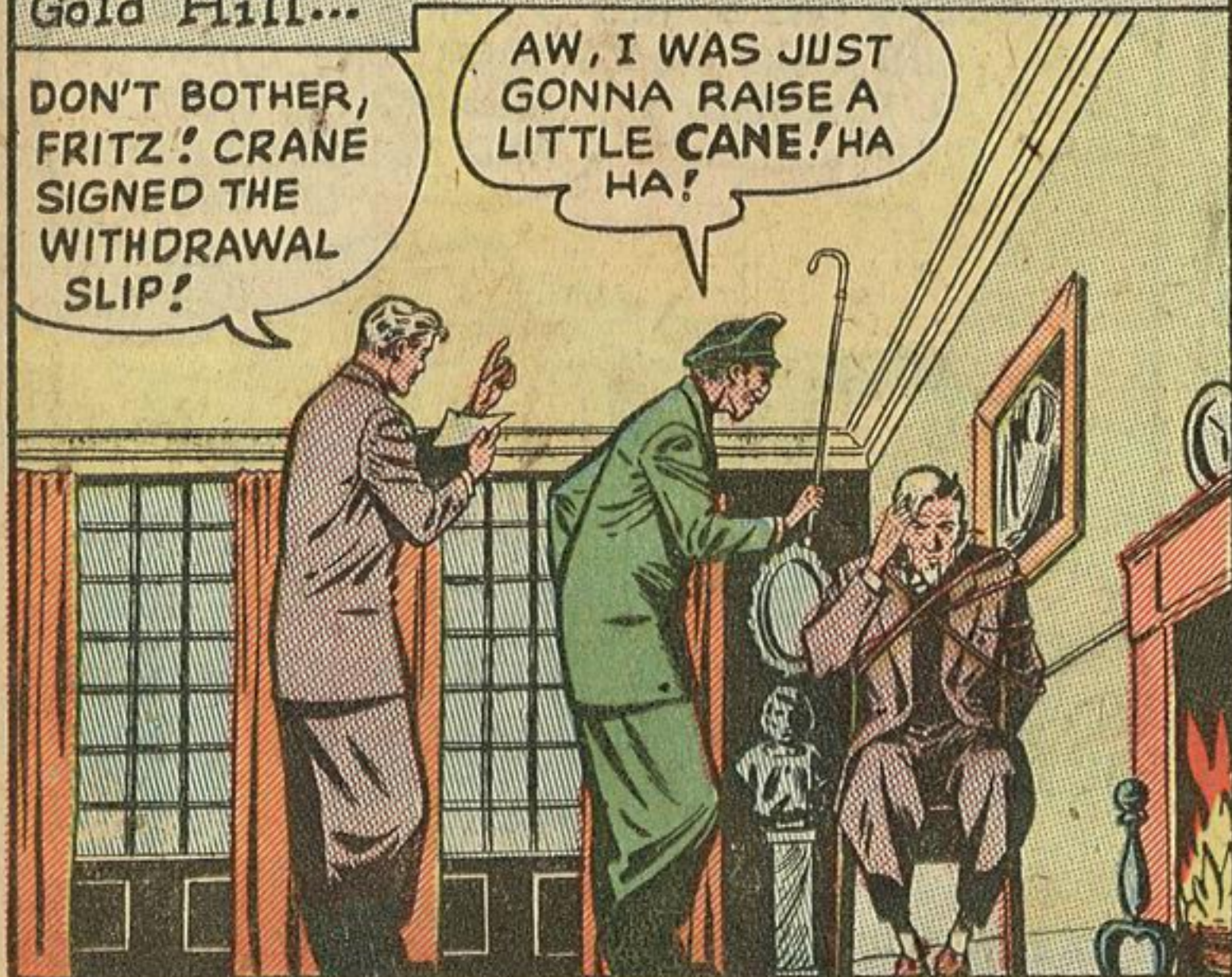
An old-time cabby like Hack O'Hara gets to know his customers and their habits. It takes more than a phony disguise and a fat tip to conceal the bony face of DEATH!



Behind drawn blinds in a mansion on Gold Hill...

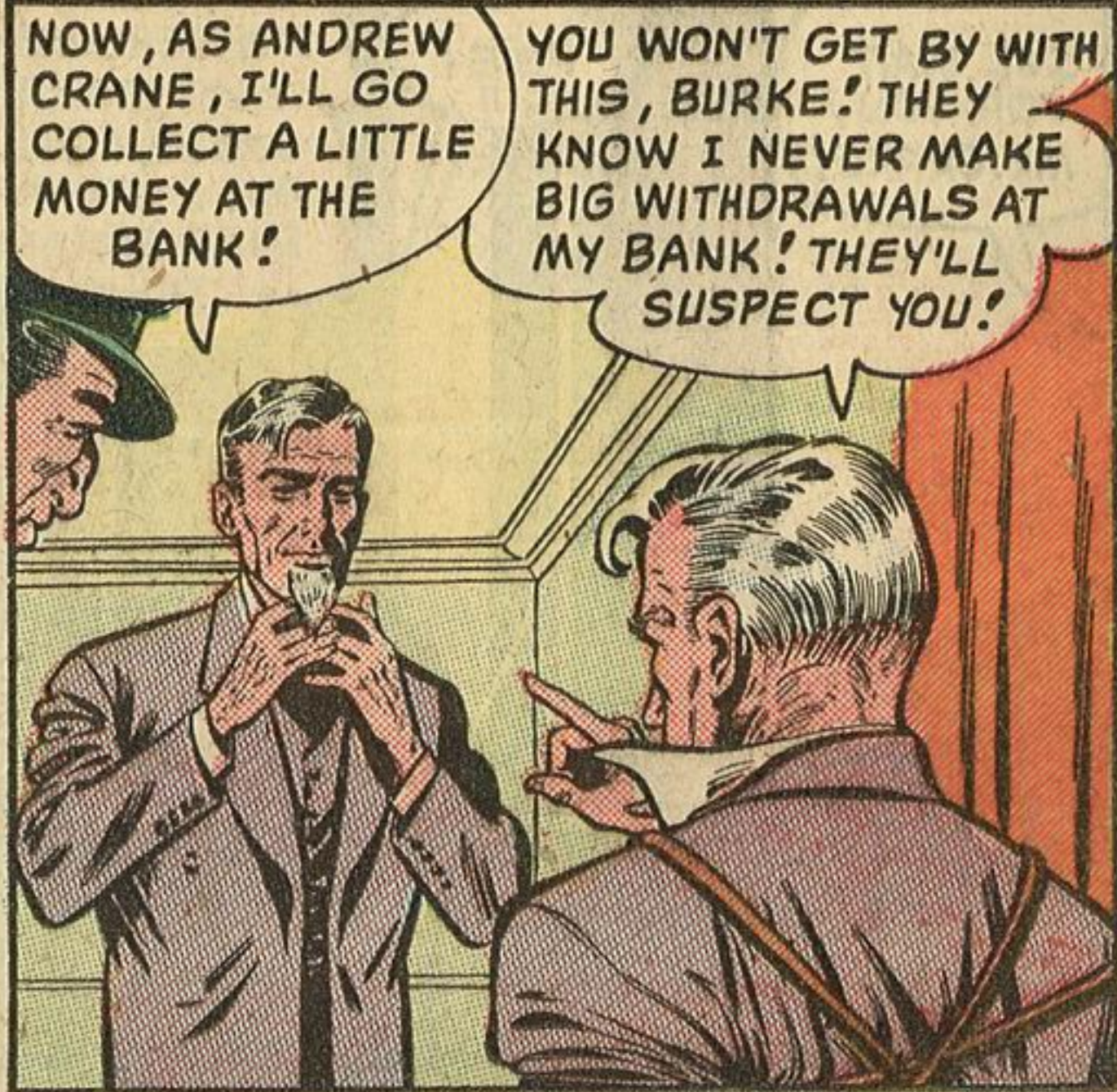
DON'T BOTHER, FRITZ! CRANE SIGNED THE WITHDRAWAL SLIP!

AW, I WAS JUST GONNA RAISE A LITTLE CANE! HA HA!



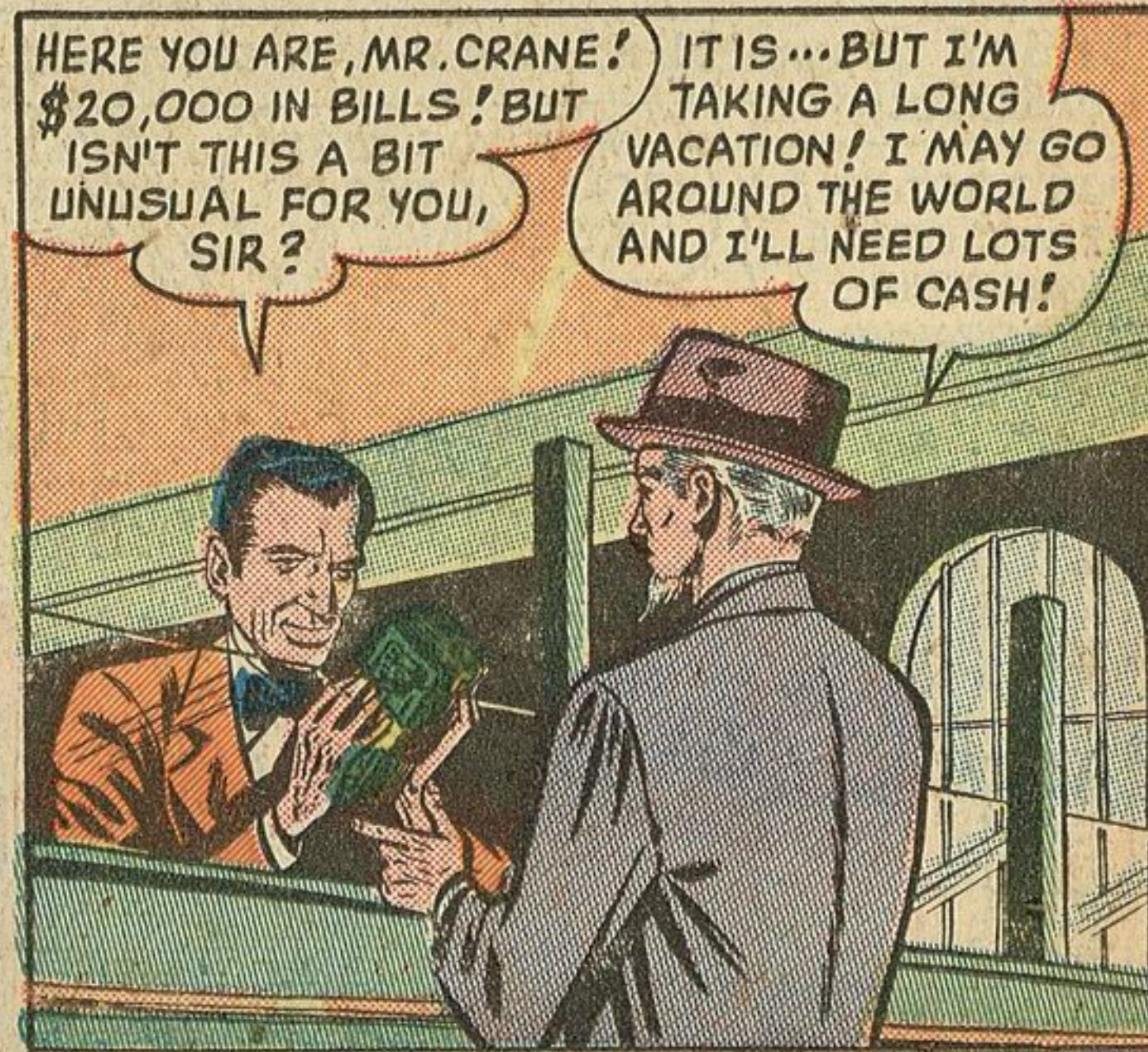
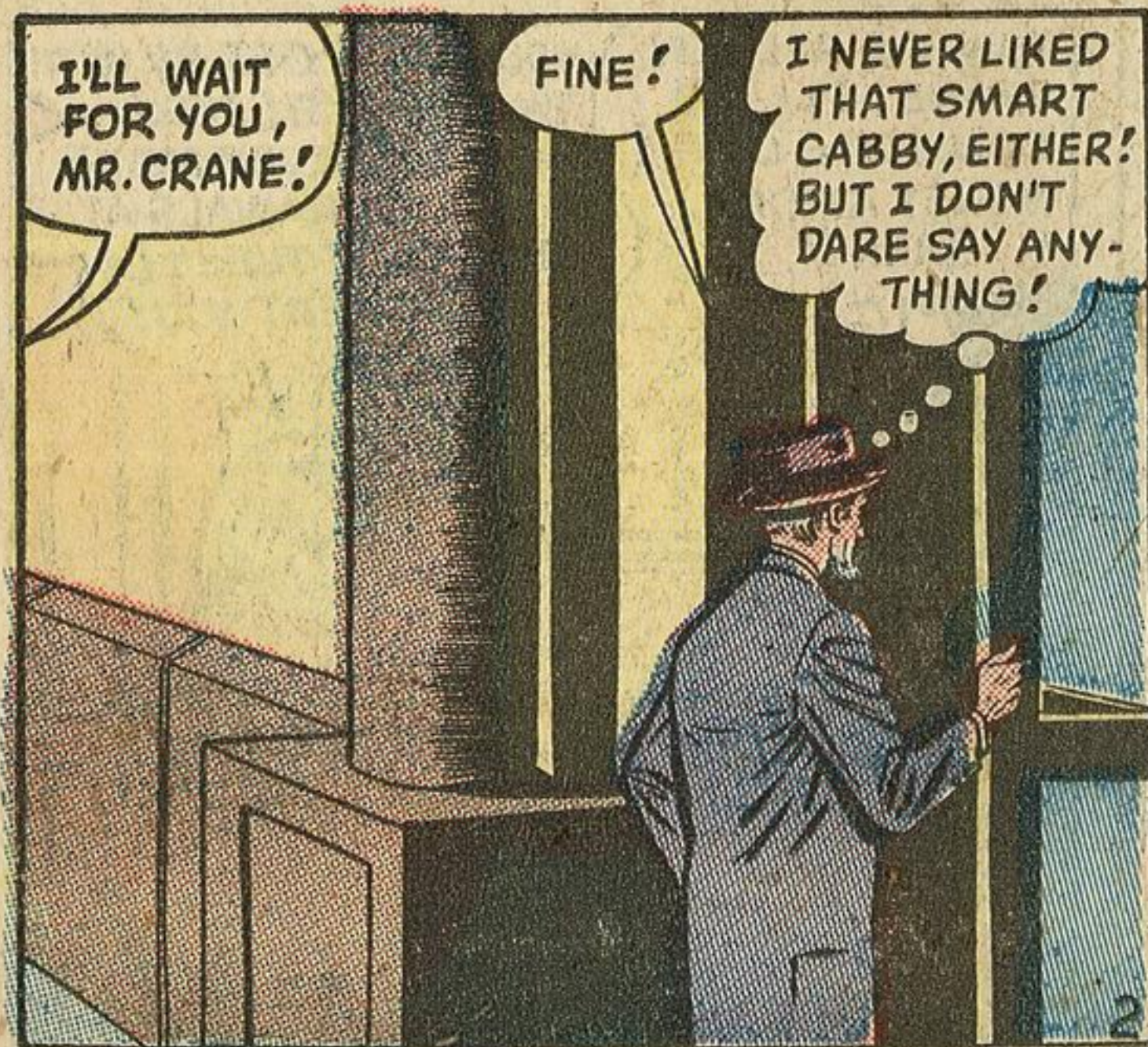
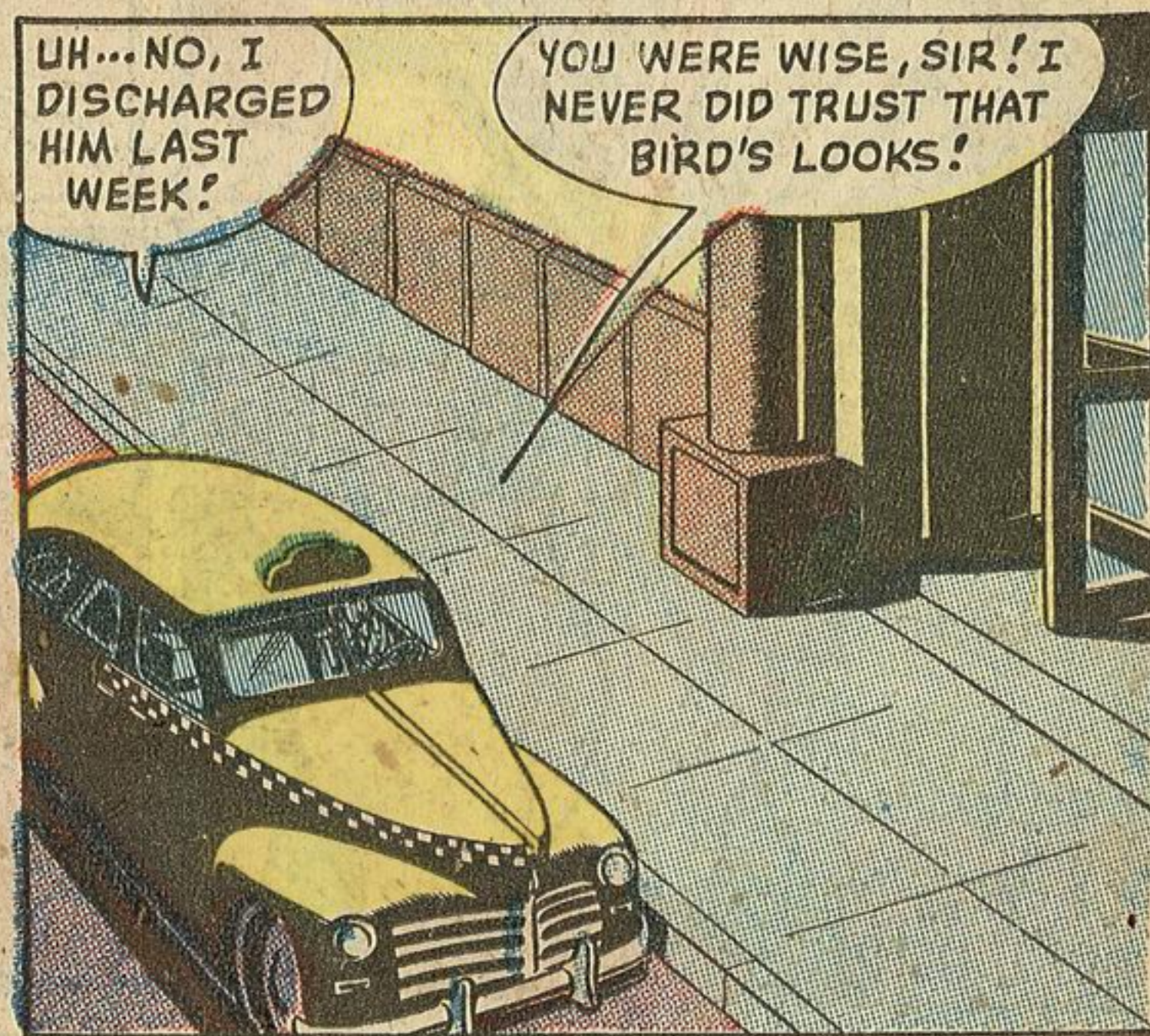
NOW, AS ANDREW CRANE, I'LL GO COLLECT A LITTLE MONEY AT THE BANK!

YOU WON'T GET BY WITH THIS, BURKE! THEY KNOW I NEVER MAKE BIG WITHDRAWALS AT MY BANK! THEY'LL SUSPECT YOU!



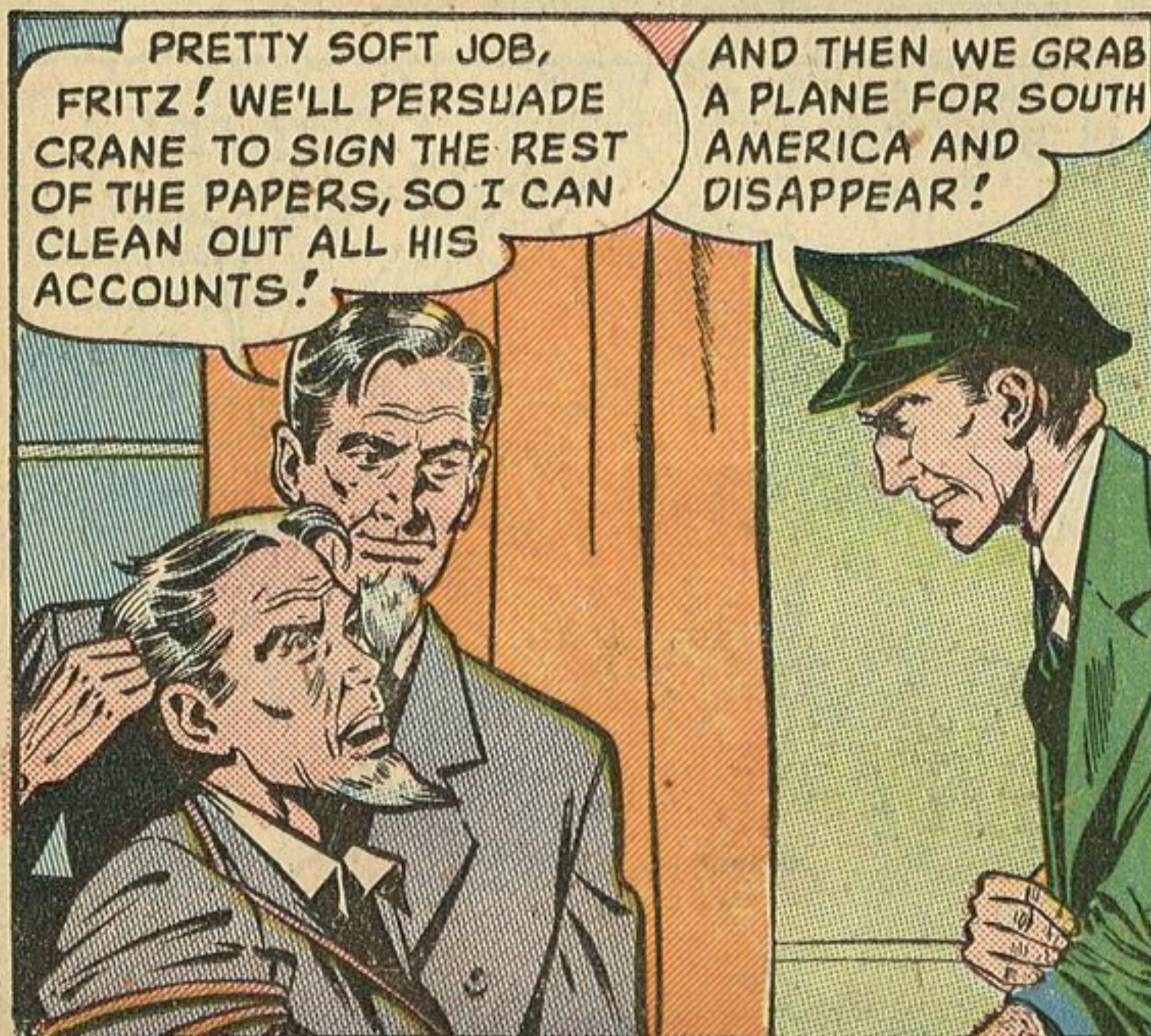
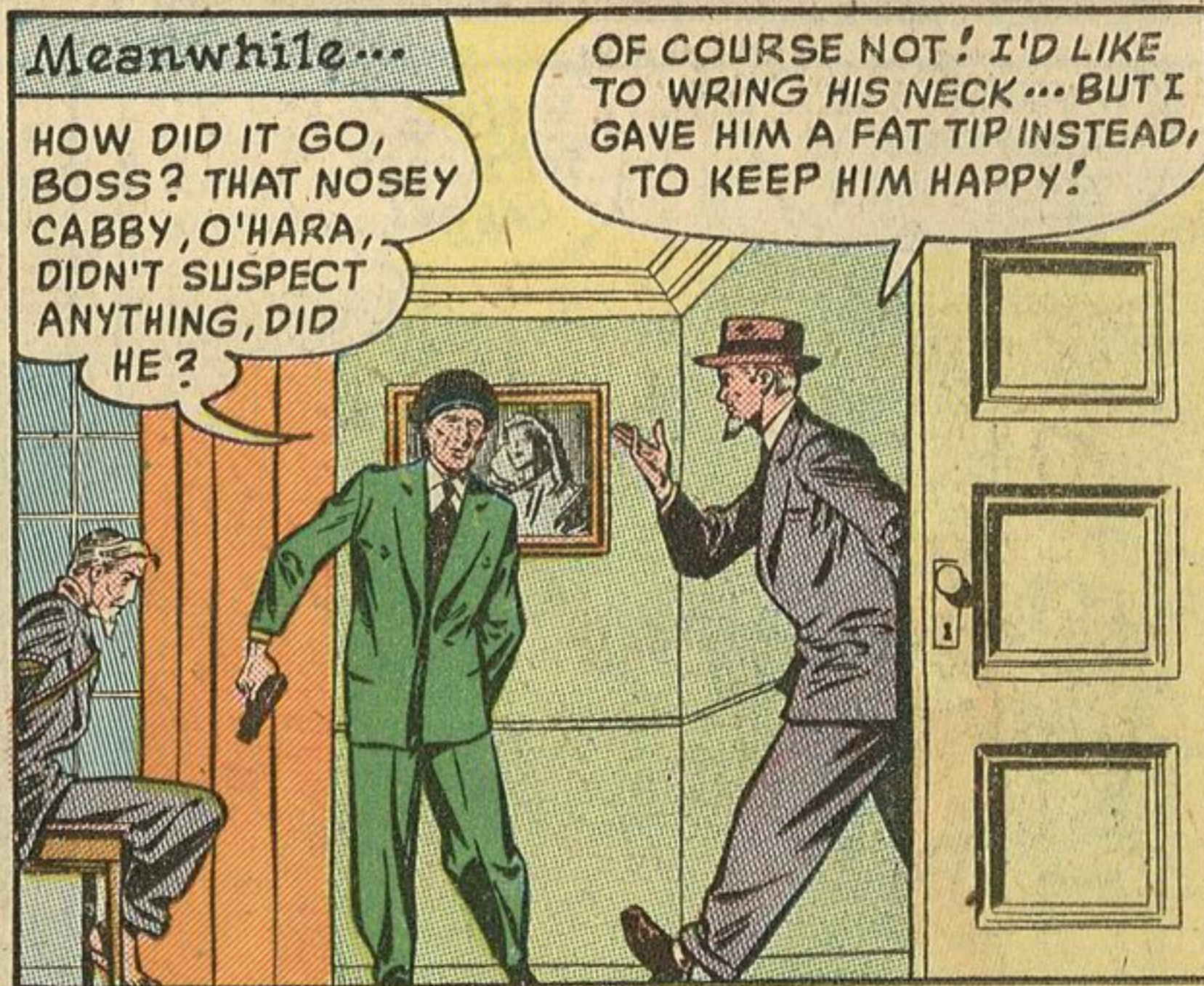


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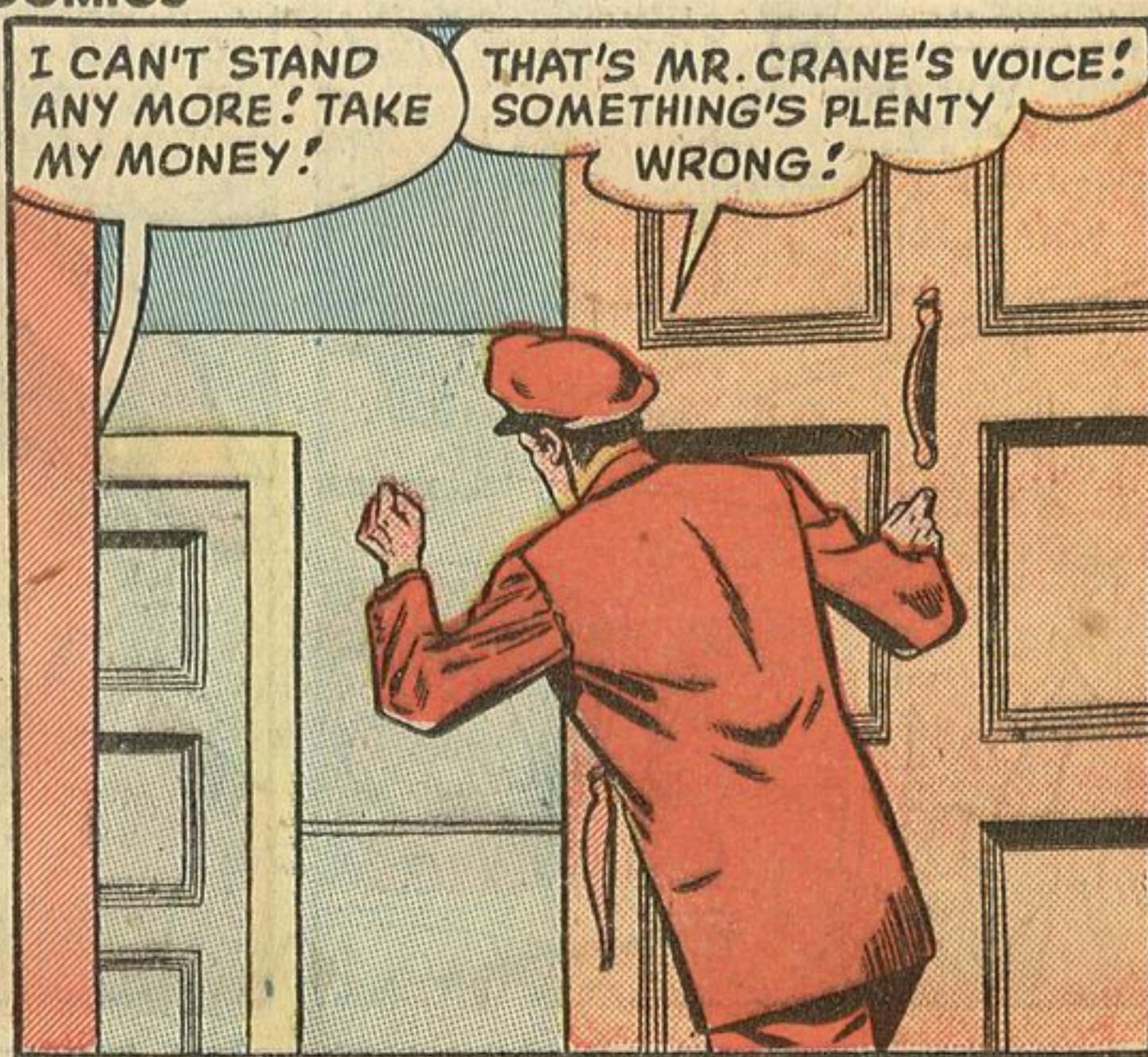




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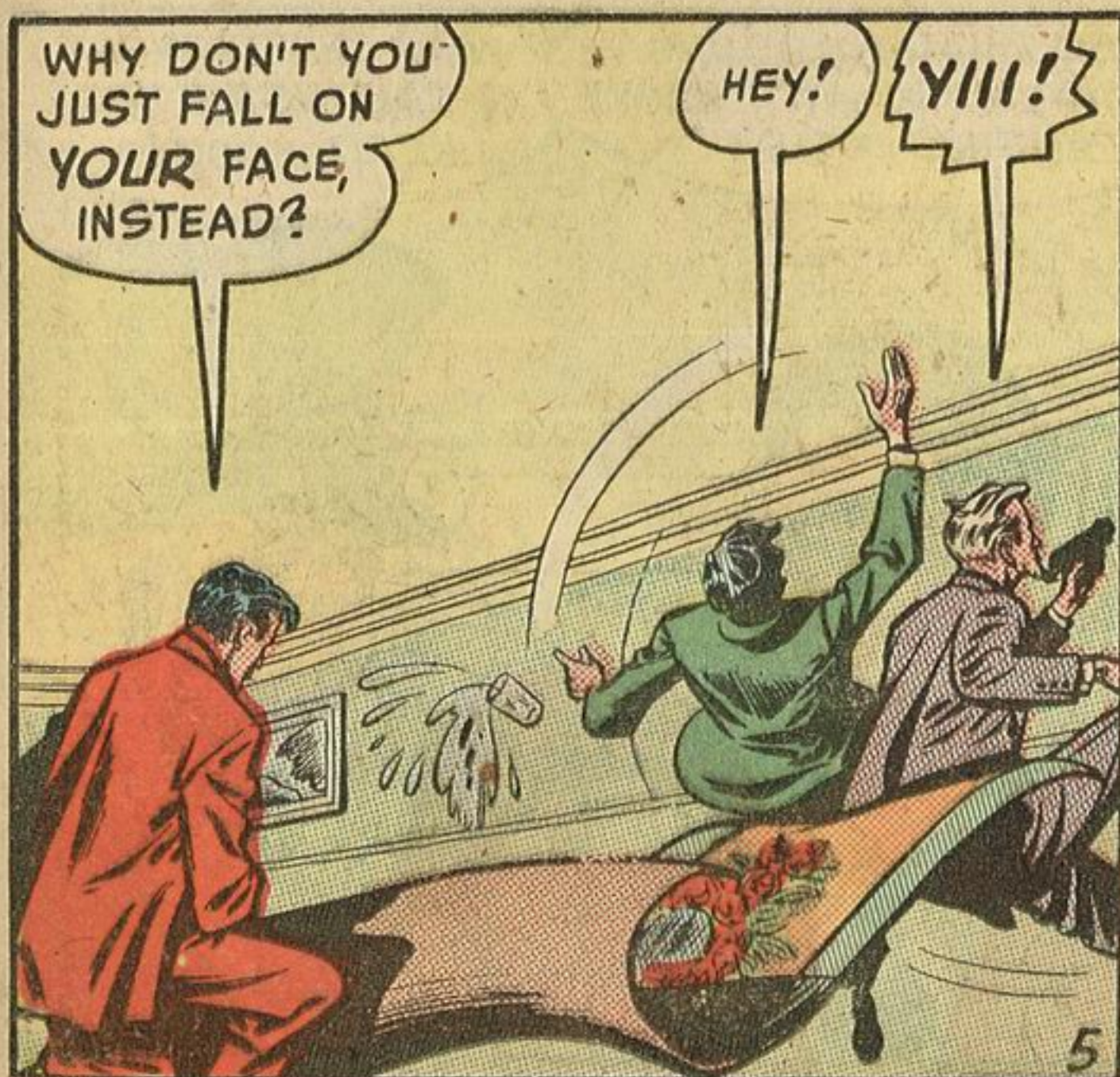
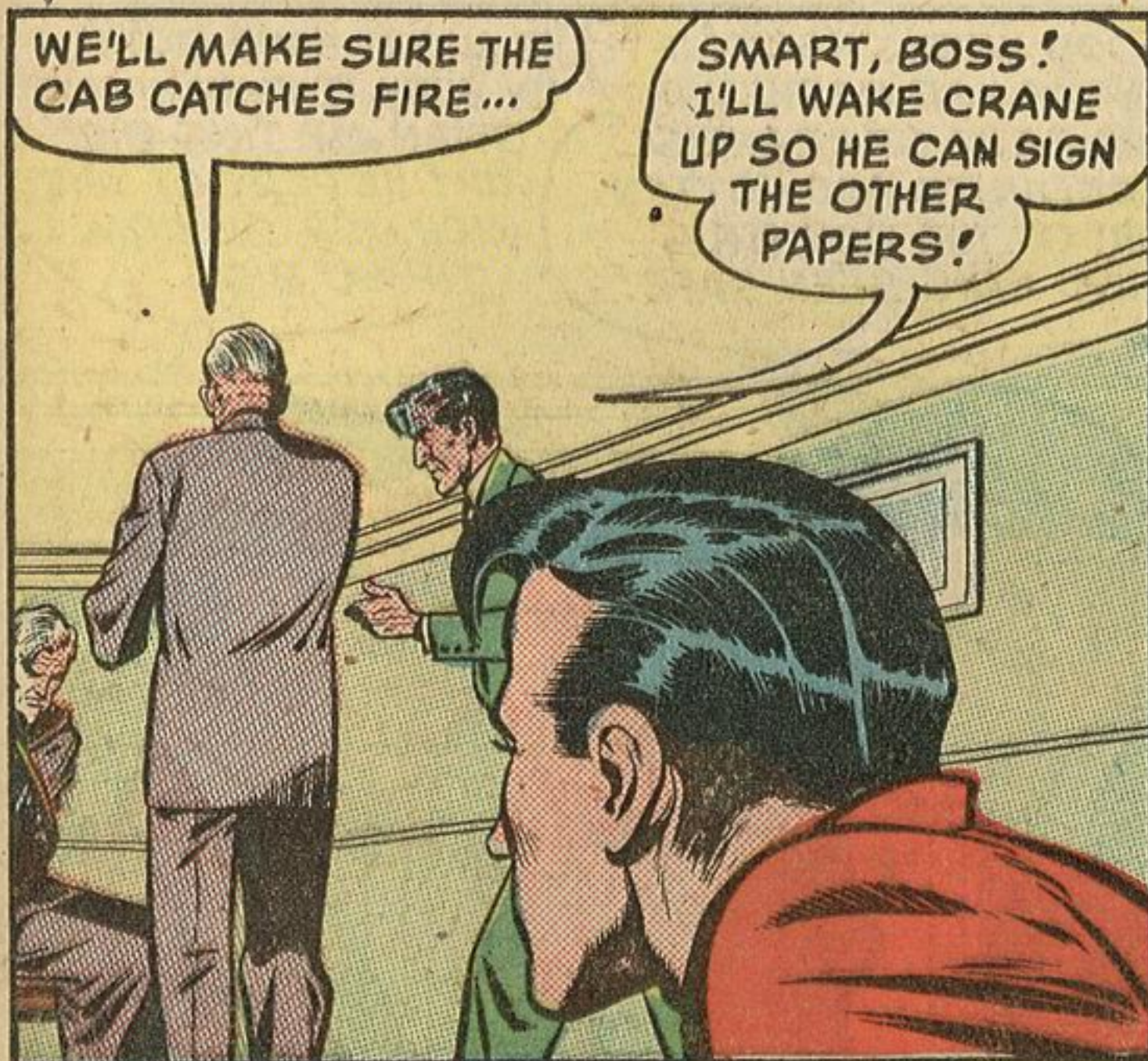
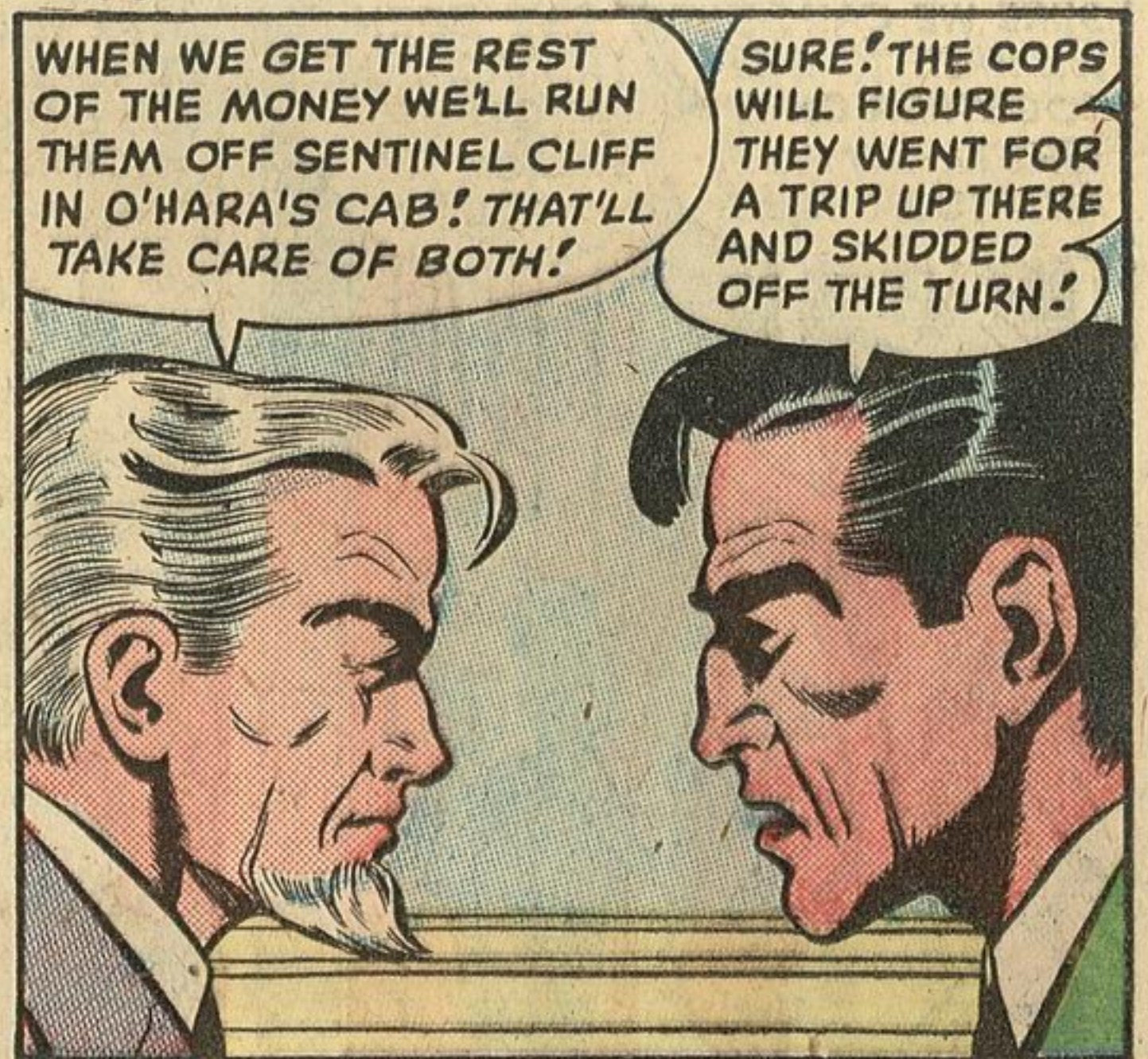
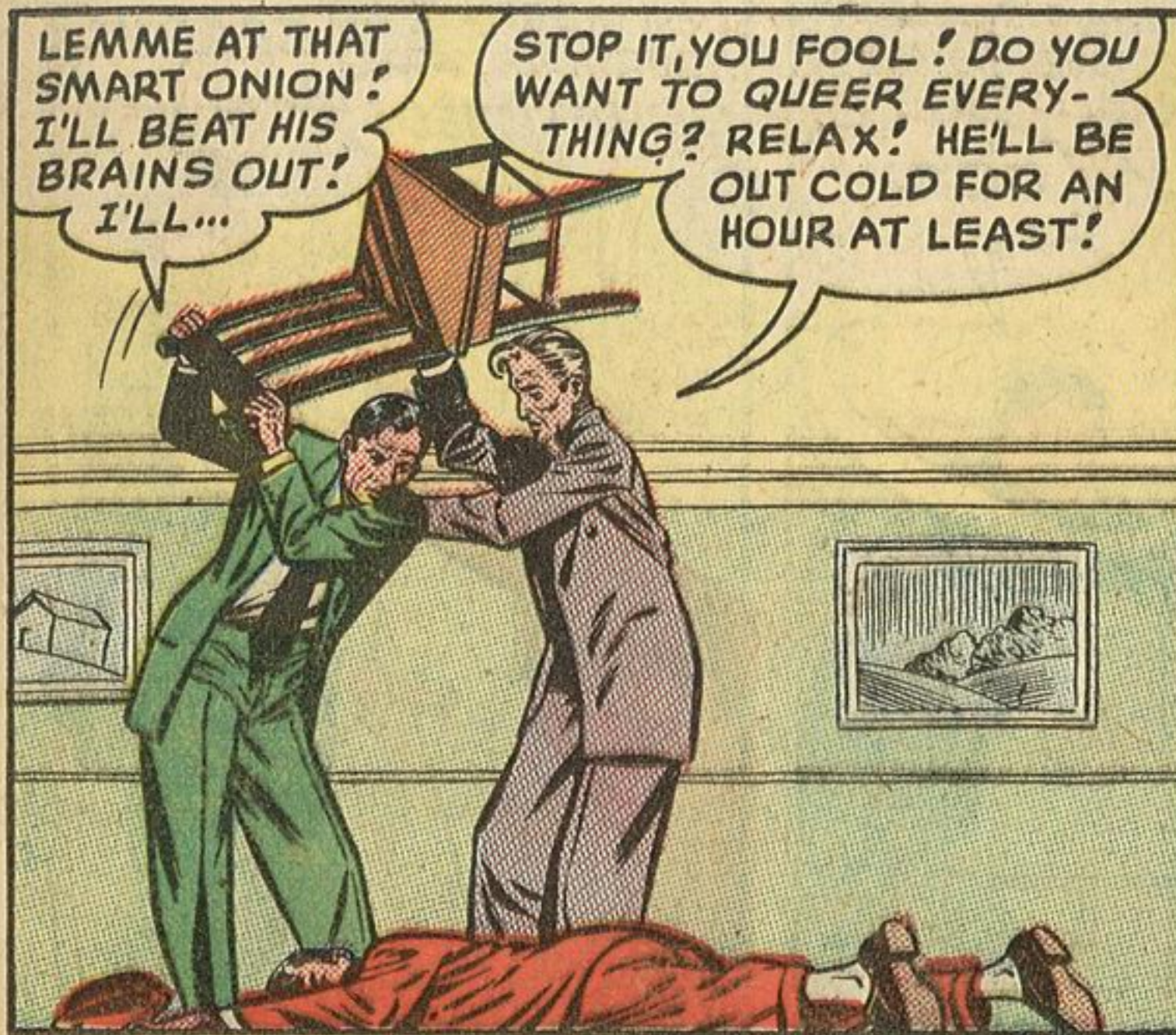








# CRACK COMICS





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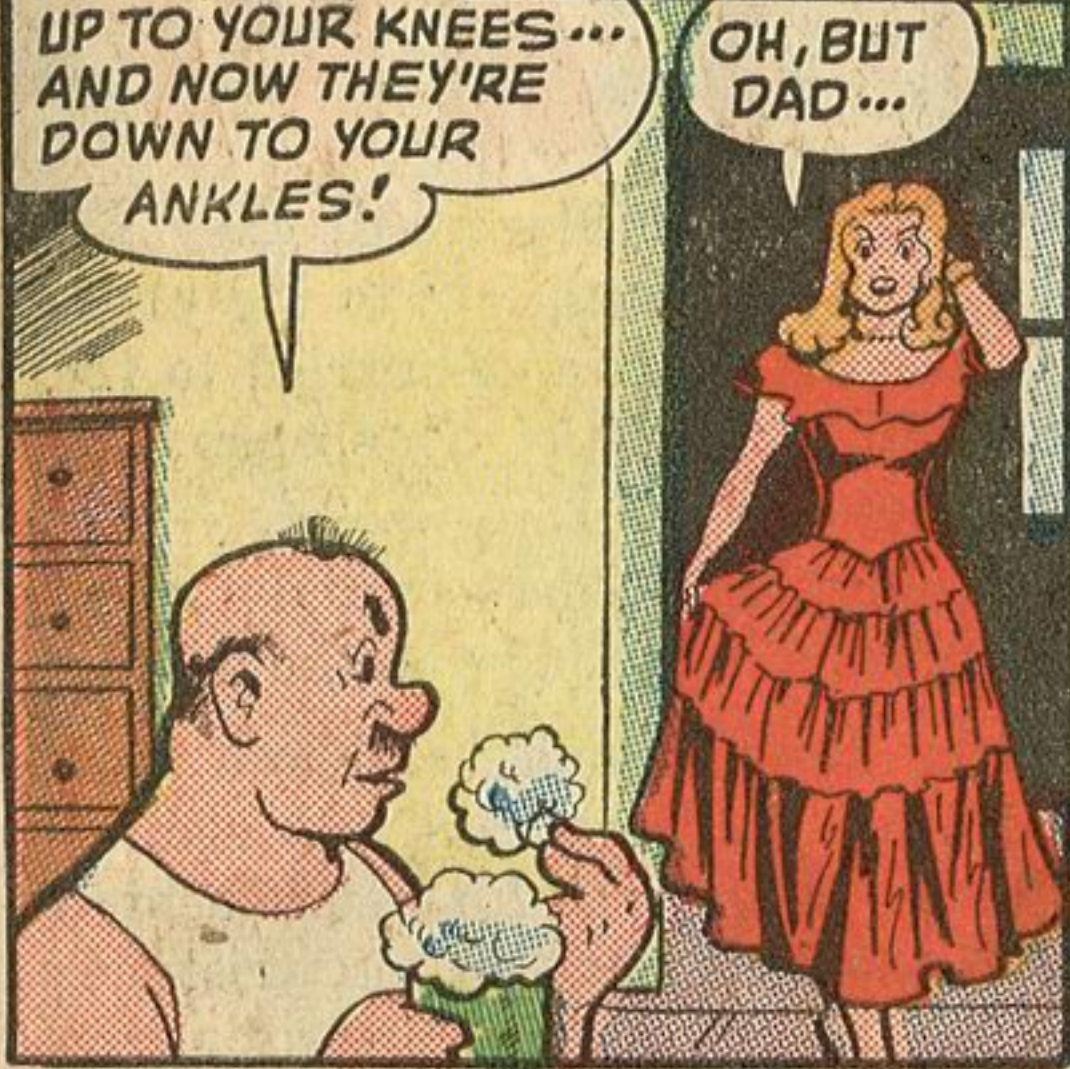
# Molly the Model

YOU GALS ARE THE LIMIT! ONLY A SHORT TIME AGO SKIRTS WERE UP TO YOUR KNEES... AND NOW THEY'RE DOWN TO YOUR ANKLES!

OH, BUT DAD...

SUPPOSE WE MEN CHANGED OUR STYLES EVERY TIME THE WIND BLEW...

...I'D BE ATTENDIN' THIS SMOKER IN PINK BLOOMERS, I S'POSE!



OKAY, BUD... STICK 'EM UP!

EH?

THE "PANTS BURGLAR" THEY CALL ME... AND YOU'RE MY LATEST CLIENT!

Back at Molly's...

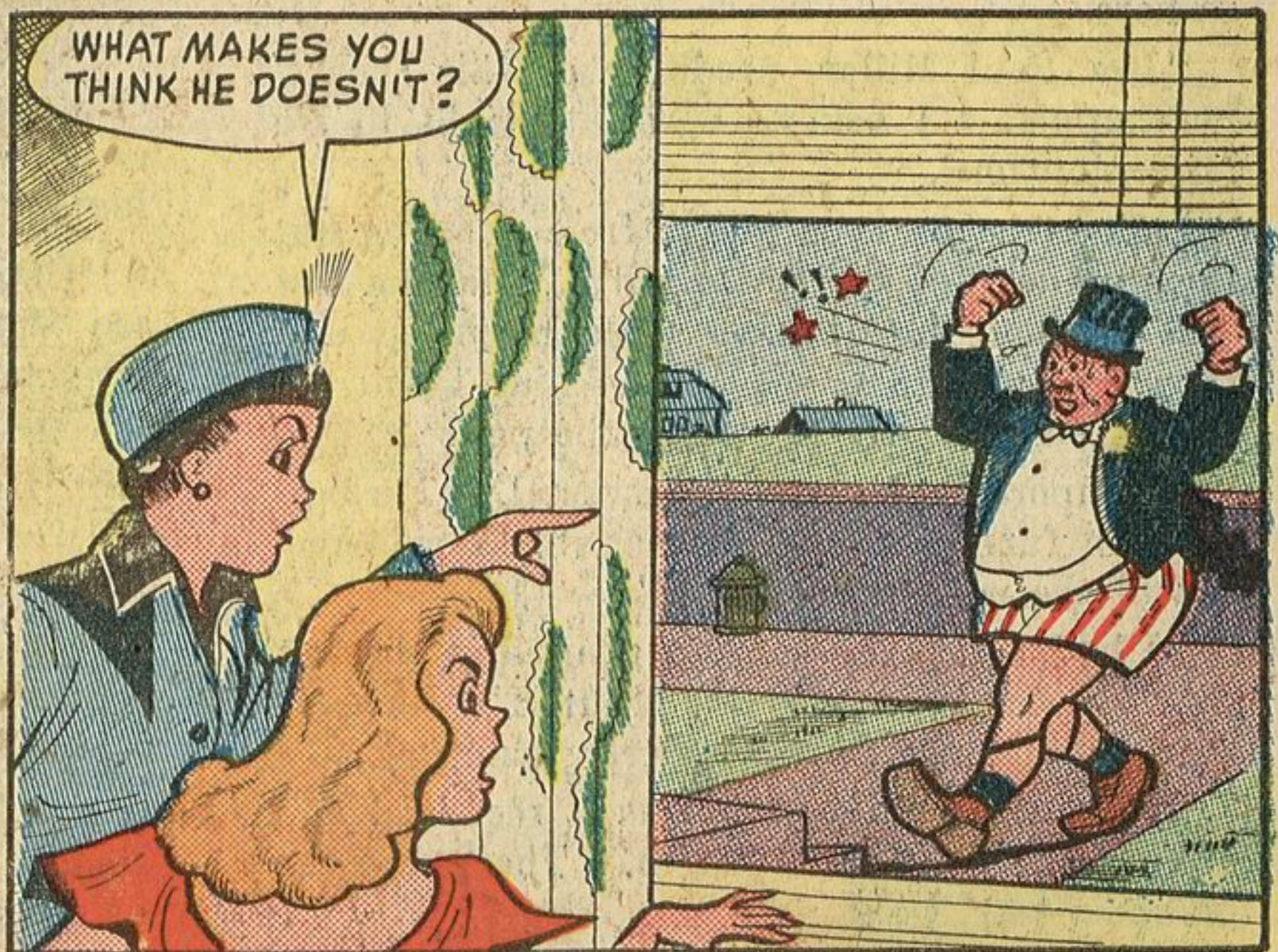
HI, MOLLY! A NEW DRESS?

YES, BUT DAD DOESN'T LIKE IT... AS USUAL!



"SUPPOSE WE MEN CHANGED OUR STYLES EVERY TIME THE WIND BLEW"... SEZ HE!

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK HE DOESN'T?







# DEATH PROP

**K**IM stopped outside the star's dressing room and turned to her escort, Lance Gallant. "I'm glad you were with me when I received the note," she said. "If Claire's life is in danger, she'll feel safer with you here."

She rapped on the door and, when there was no response, she turned the knob and remarked, "I guess Claire hasn't returned from the second act. Let's wait for her in here." She pushed open the door and walked in.

"Powerful perfume your friend uses," Lance said sniffing the air.

"It's Claire's special scent," Kim informed him. "She never wears anything . . ." Kim stopped short and stood frozen with horror. Lance reached her side and glanced on the floor by the dressing table. Lying amid tumbled cosmetic bottles lay Claire Montford, a carved dagger protruding from her throat.

Lance bent swiftly over the girl and took one of her hands. He dropped it and stood up. "I'm afraid she's dead, Kim. You call the police. I'll stay here and stand guard."

After Kim had gone Lance gazed down at the still form. In her left hand she clutched an ornate perfume bottle, the contents of which had spilled to the floor. Lance stooped over the spot it had made and regarded it intently.

His inspection was interrupted by the door opening. A tall, well-dressed man entered. Lance met him just inside, saying, "You can't come in here."

"I'm Paul Miller, producer of this show," he snapped. "I believe I have a right to see Miss Montford."

Lance tried to keep Miller from entering but the producer pushed in angrily. When he saw the body at the dressing table he paled and turned weakly to Lance. "Why didn't you tell me," he choked . . . "you're the police?"

"Temporarily," Lance answered. "Perhaps you can furnish some information. Do you recognize the murder weapon?"

"I believe it's the one Claire used in the last act," Miller said shakily, "but I'll have to check with Peters, our property man."

Lance looked to the door as it reopened and a white-faced Kim slipped in. "The police are on their way," she said.

"You wait here with Miller until they arrive," Lance said. "I want to talk to the property man." Lance left them and hurried to the property room. He swung the door open and stepped into the dim interior.

He had a premonition of danger and turned just as he was struck a heavy blow on the temple.

He awoke face down, bound hand and foot. Painfully he raised his head. He was still in the property room. He twisted his hands behind him and sought the birthmark on his wrist. He rubbed the mark, at the same time calling on the spirit of his dead brother, Michael. Together they became the invincible Captain Triumph.

Triumph flexed his powerful muscles and cast off the restraining bonds. He stood up and strode into the wings. Onstage, a police lieutenant had the cast assembled. He looked over as Captain Triumph entered. "Maybe you can throw some light on this case," he said. "I sure can't. Any one of this cast could have done it."

"There's your man," Captain Triumph said, pointing to an overalled figure. At this challenge the man tried to run offstage, but the crime-buster caught him with a low flying tackle and brought him down.

Paul Miller moved over to where Captain Triumph dragged the burly figure to his feet. "It's Peters, the property man," he said incredulously. "Why should he have killed Claire Montford?"

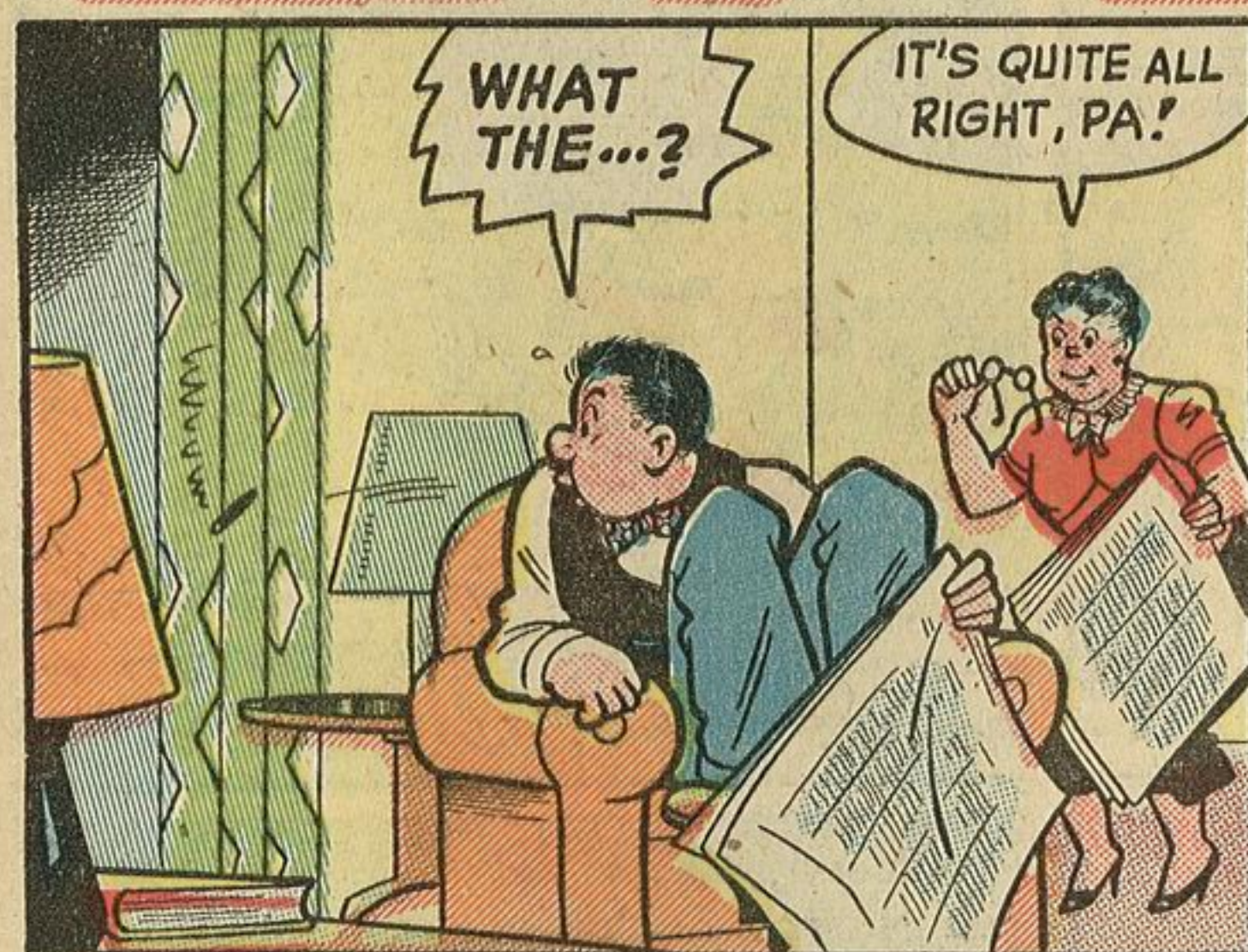
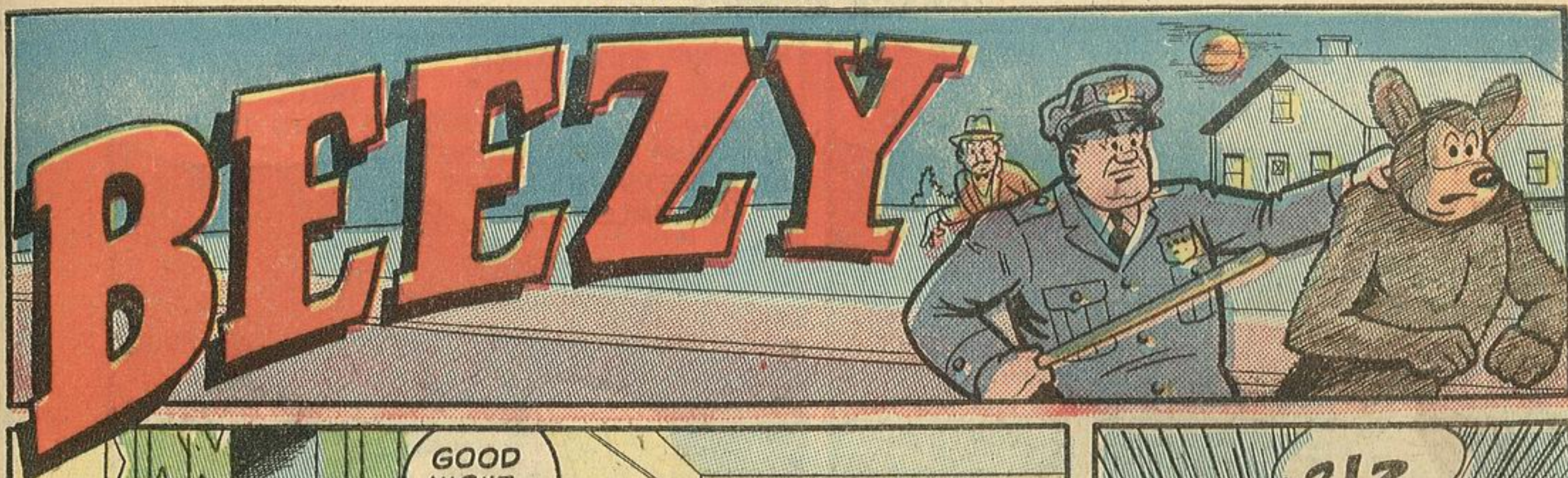
"His name is not Peters; it's Hans Stark," Captain Triumph explained, "an escaped war criminal. Lance Gallant and I have been looking for him for quite some time."

"Claire Montford," he continued, "having to see Stark every evening when he delivered the property dagger, probably realized she had seen his picture in the papers. No doubt she accused him and he stabbed her with the prop knife."

"You can't prove that," Stark snarled.

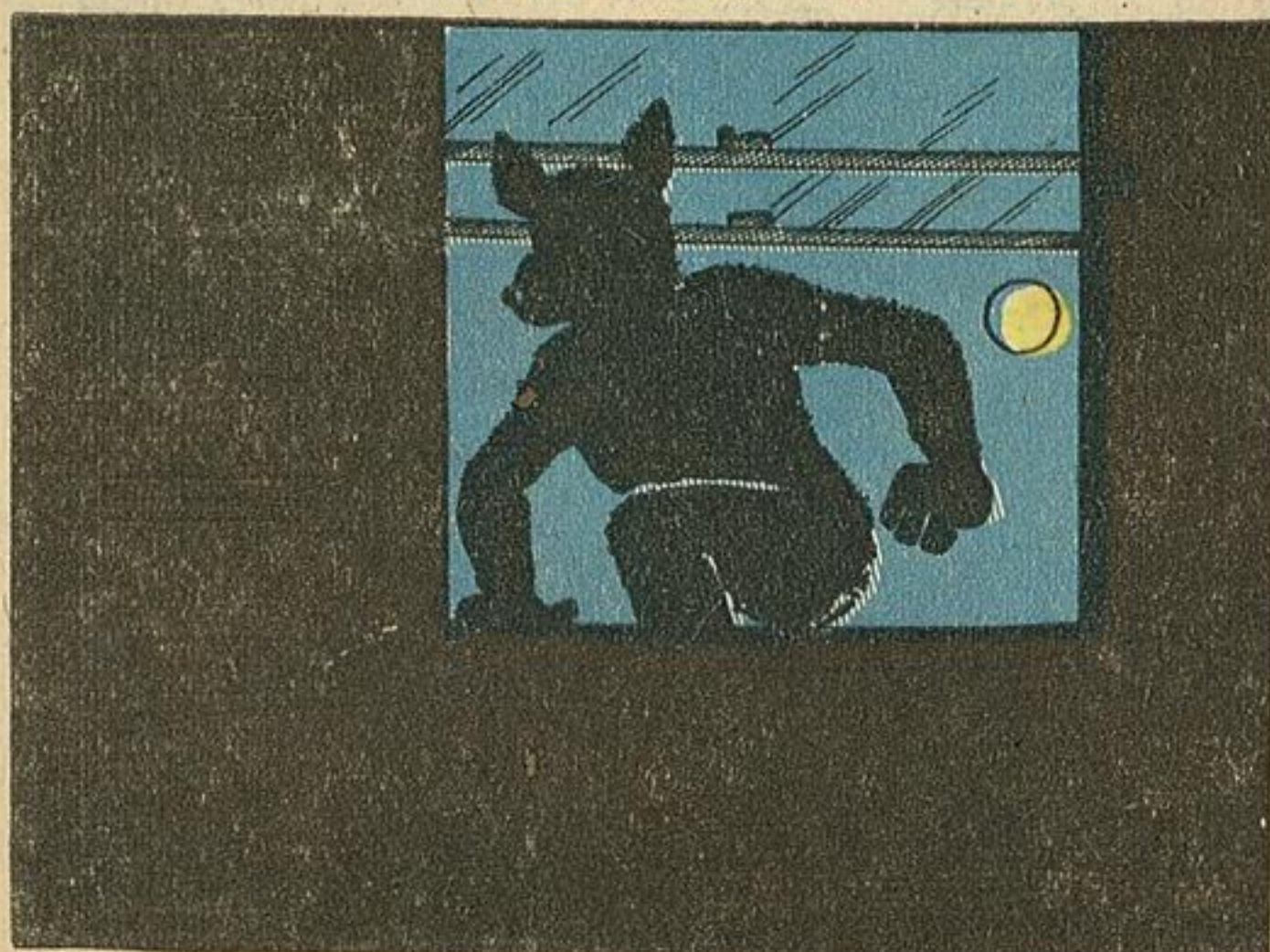
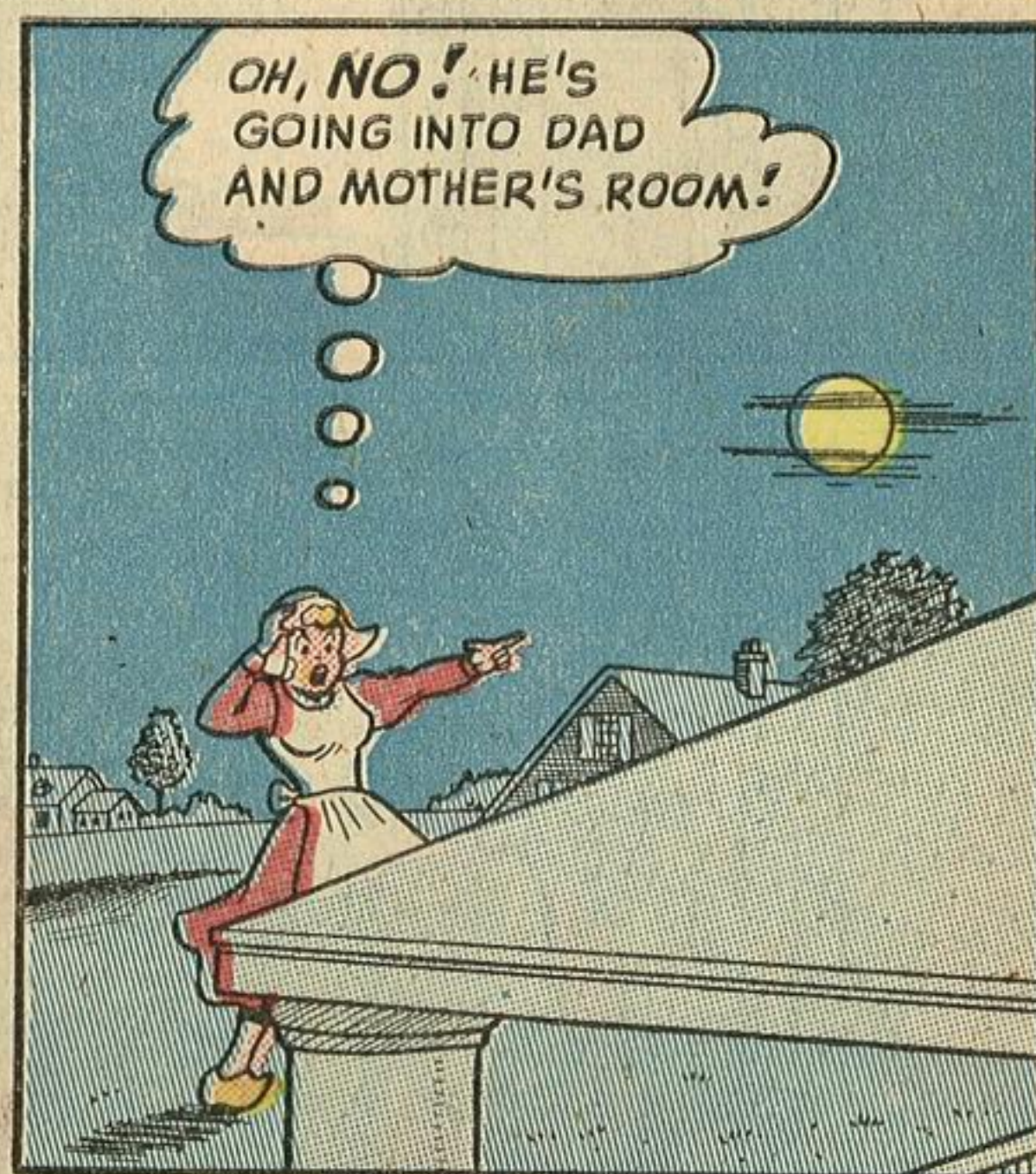
"I think so," Captain Triumph said grimly. "Just before Lance Gallant was struck in the property room, he smelled the special perfume Claire Montford always wore. Examination should show that it is all over your shoes and overalls."





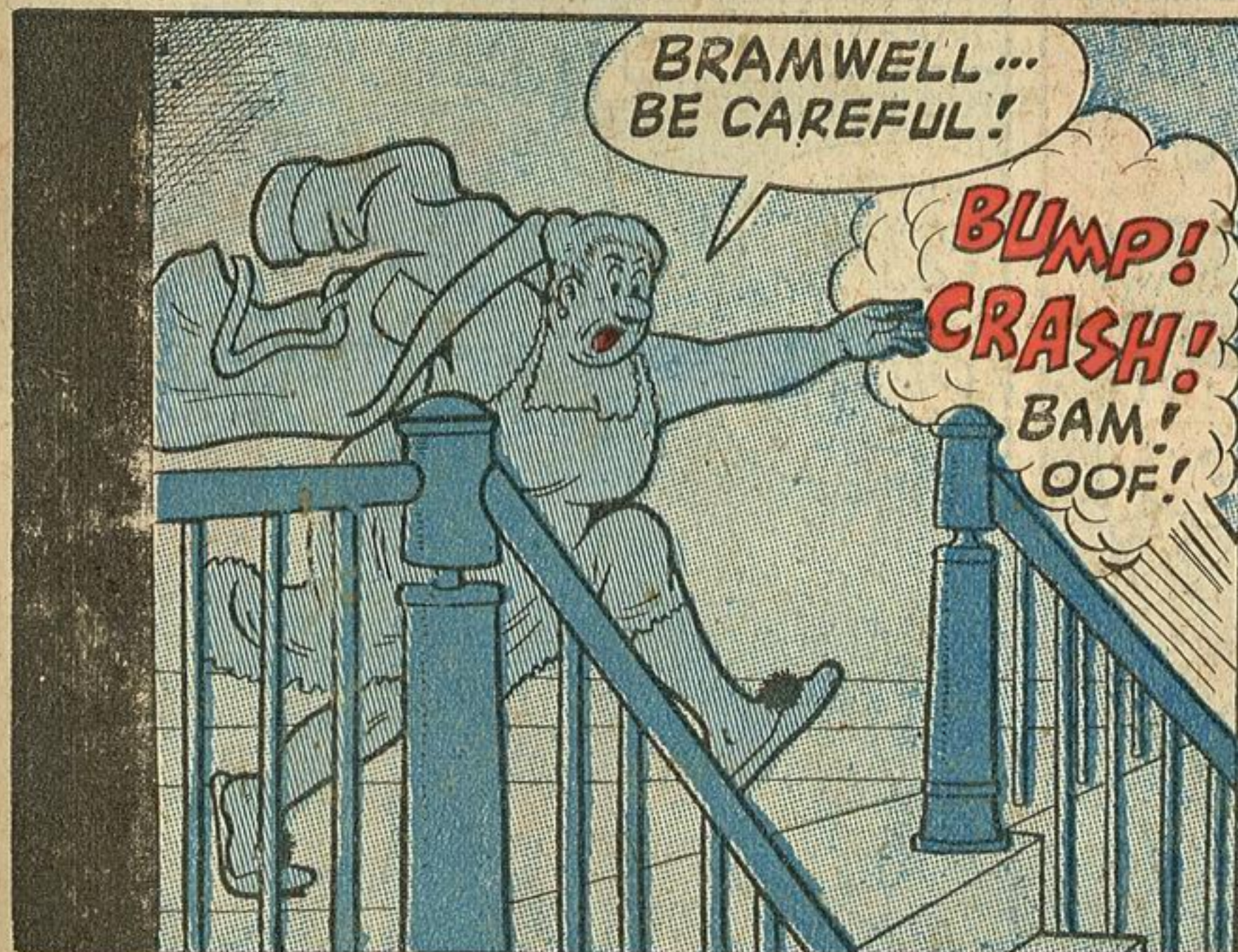
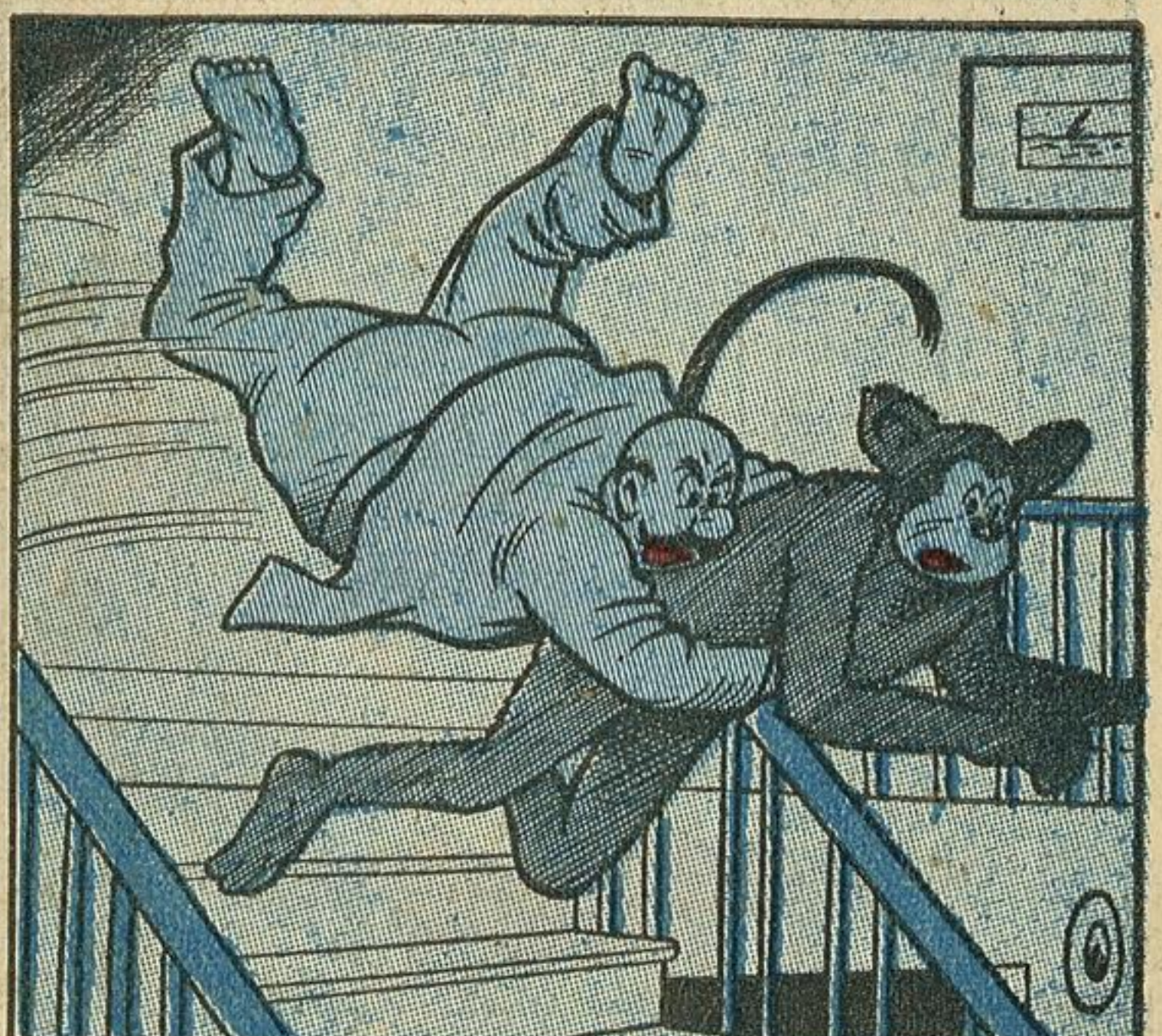
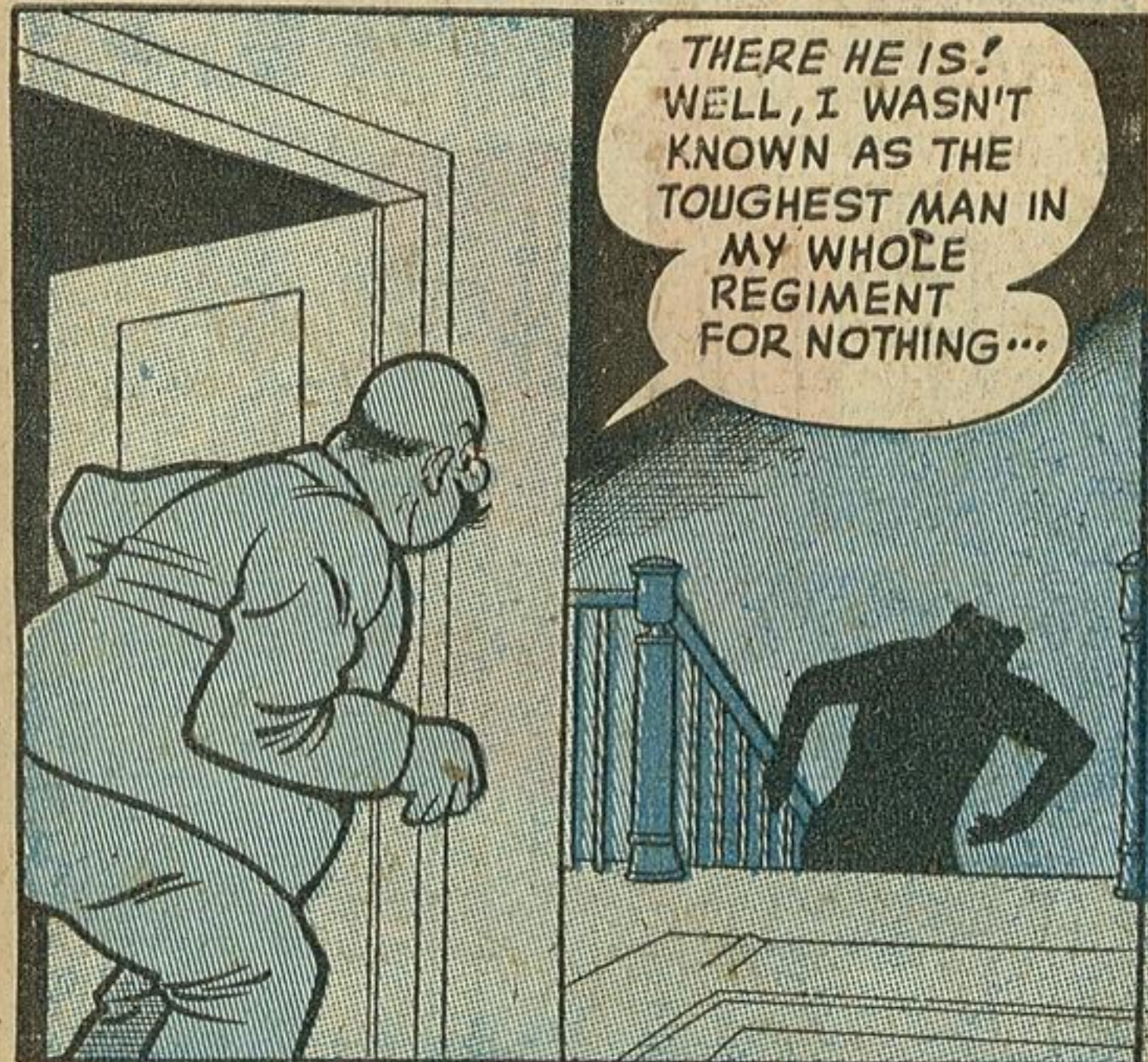
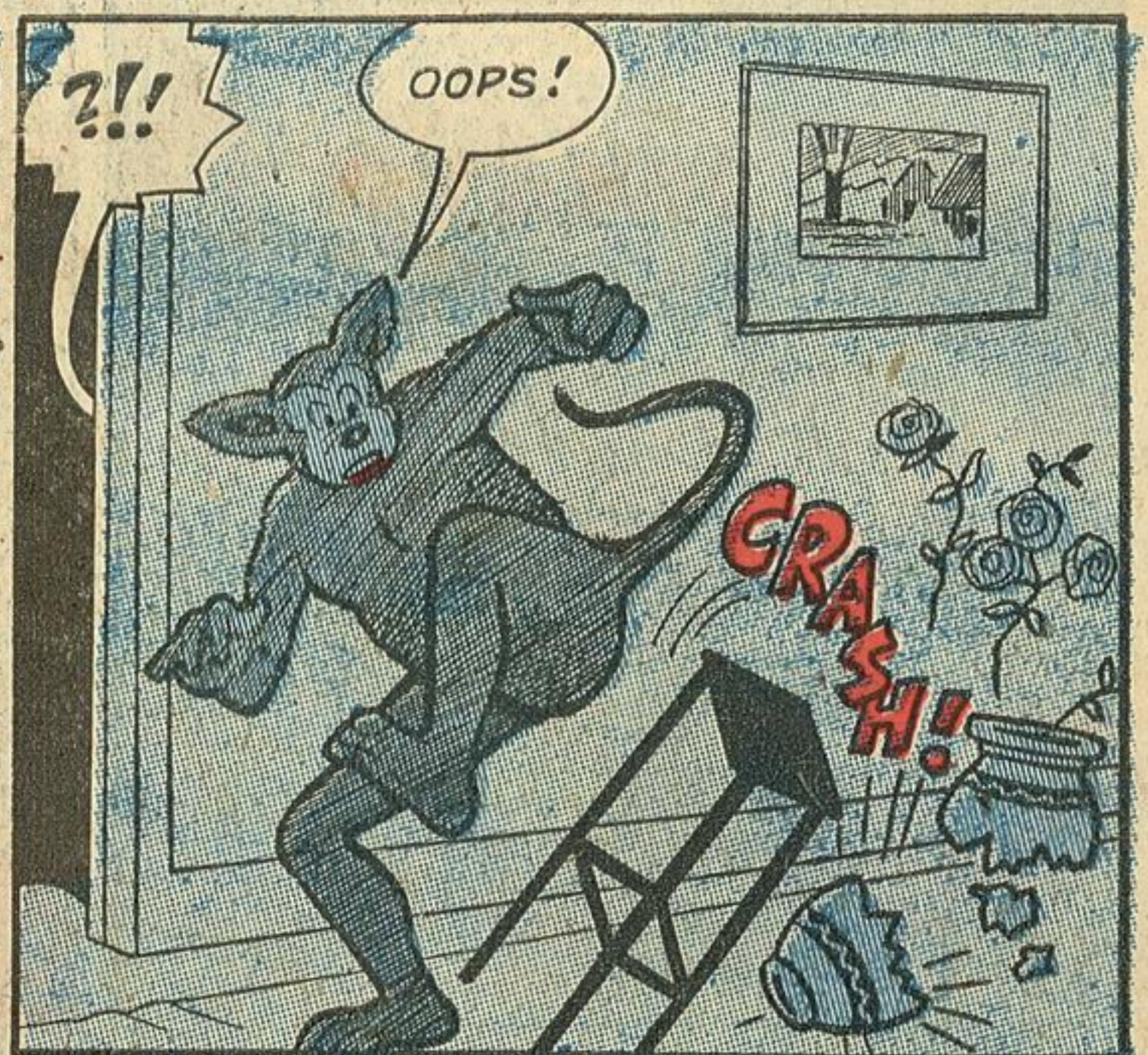
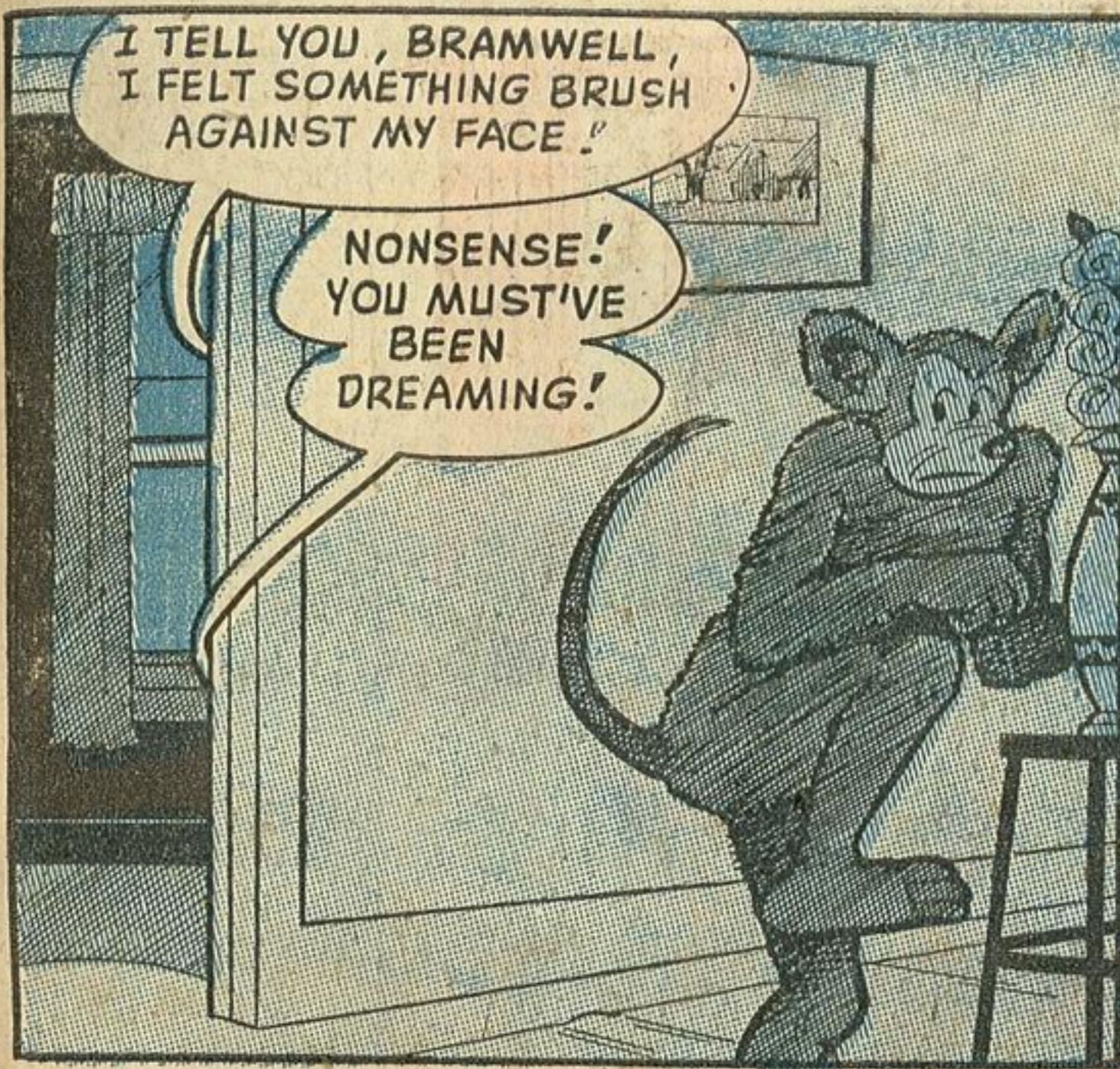


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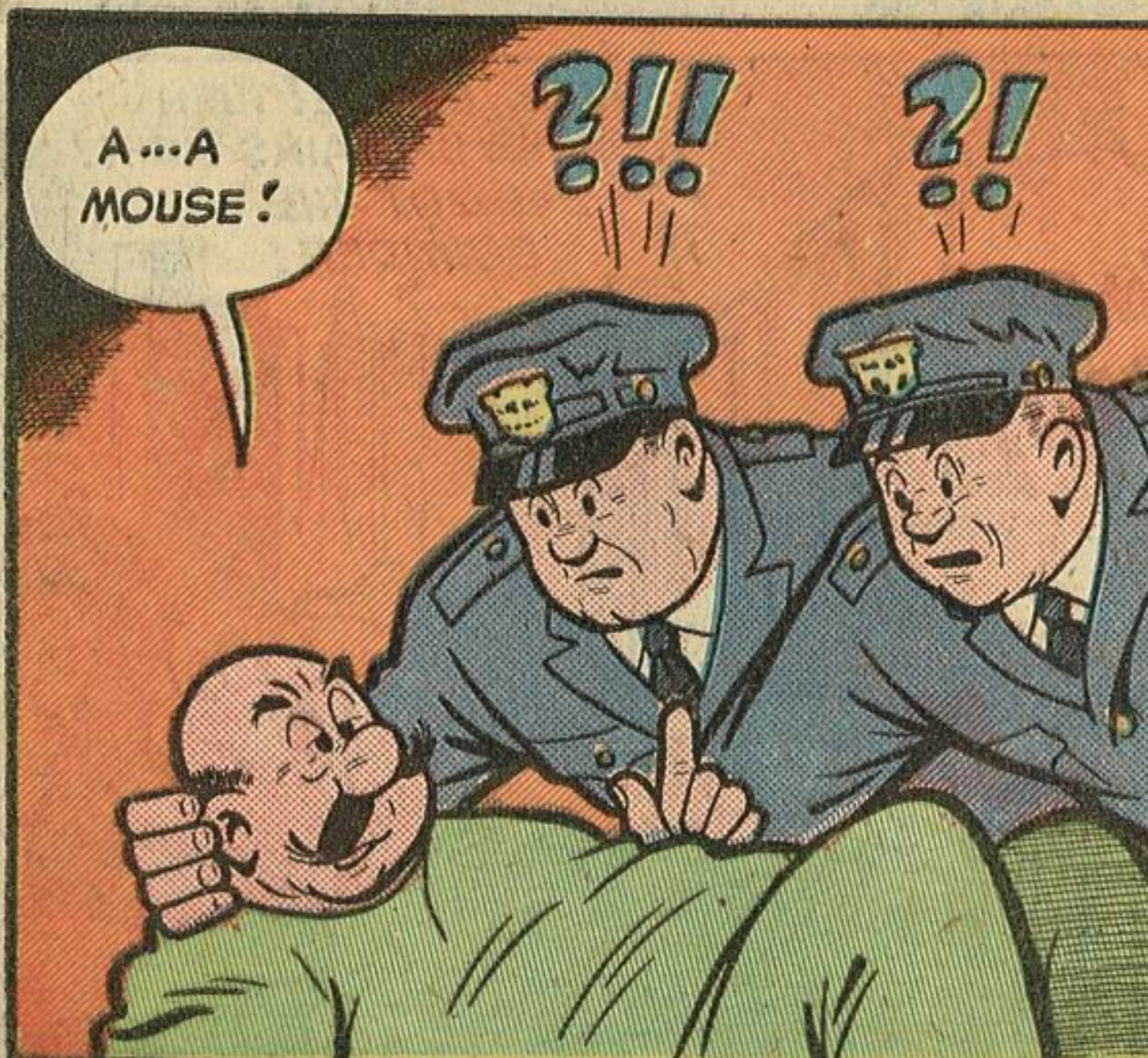
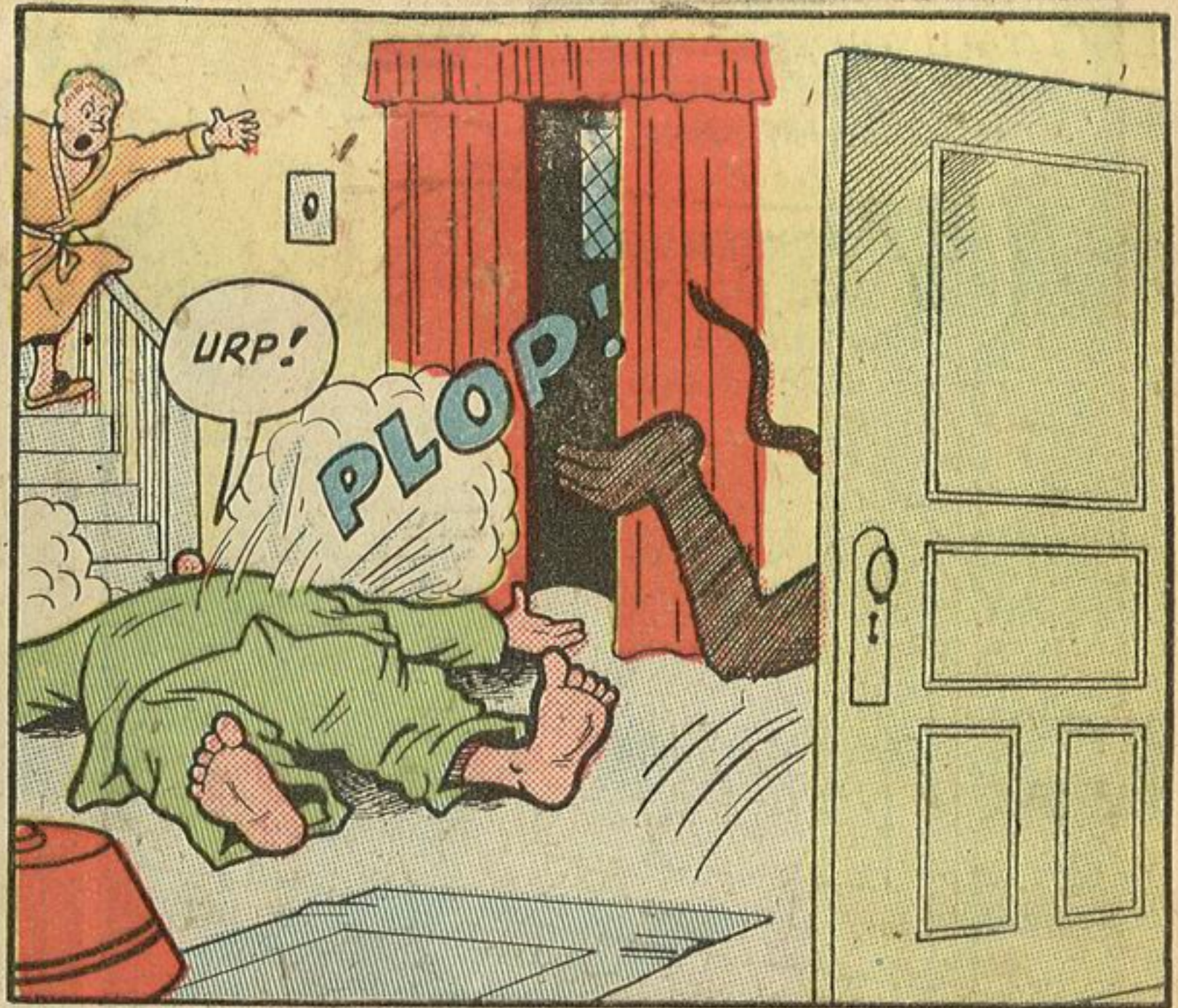




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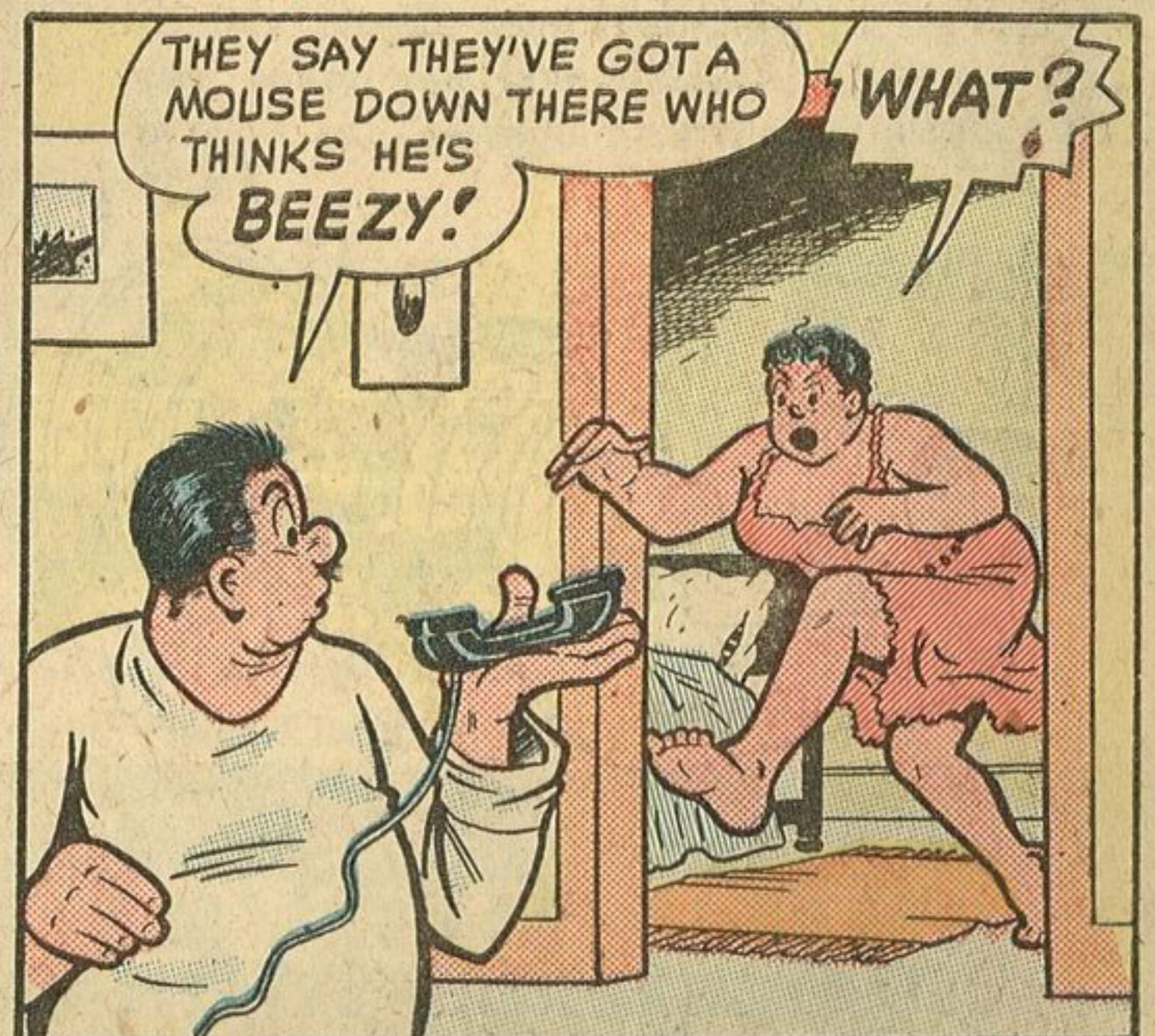
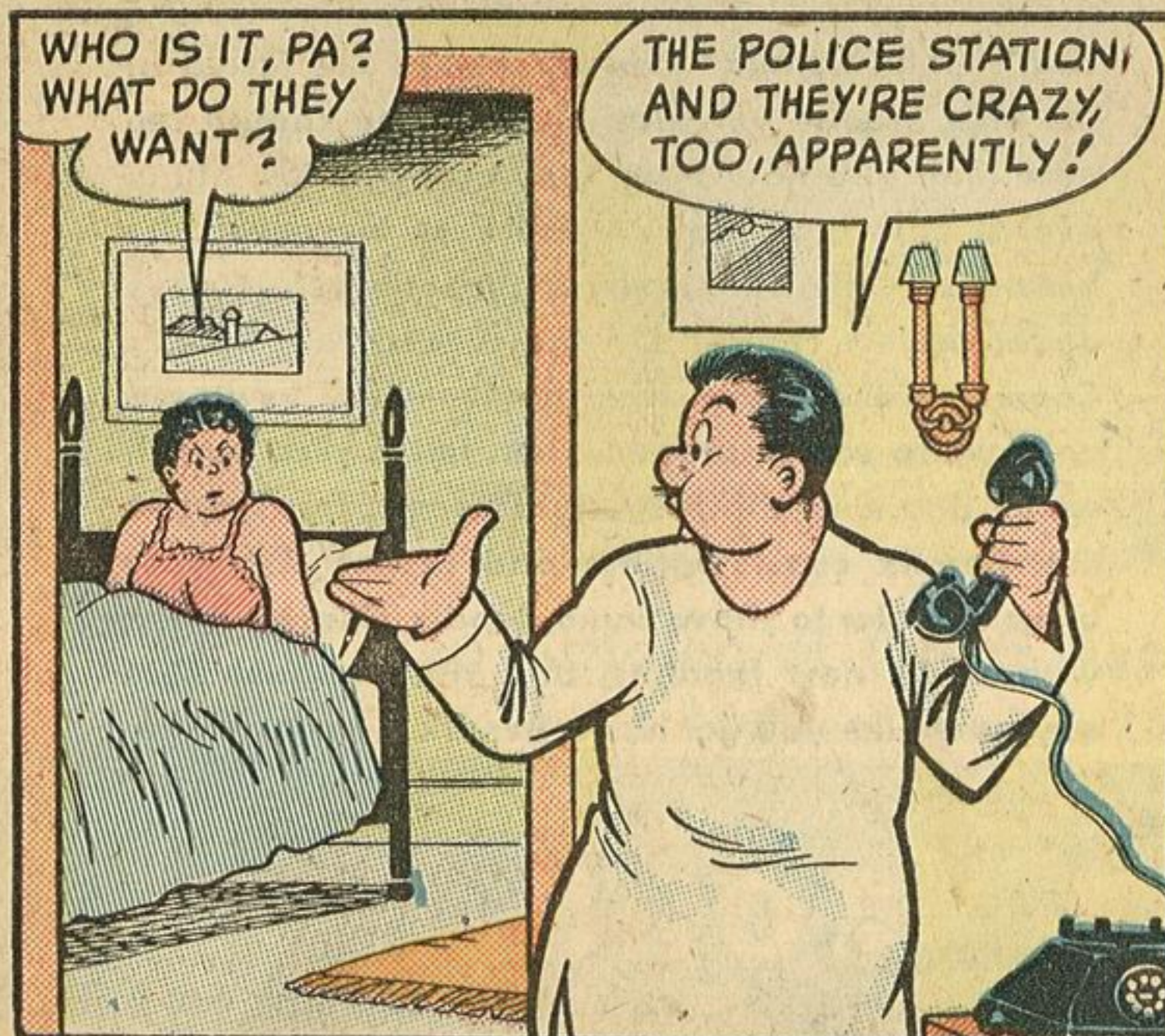
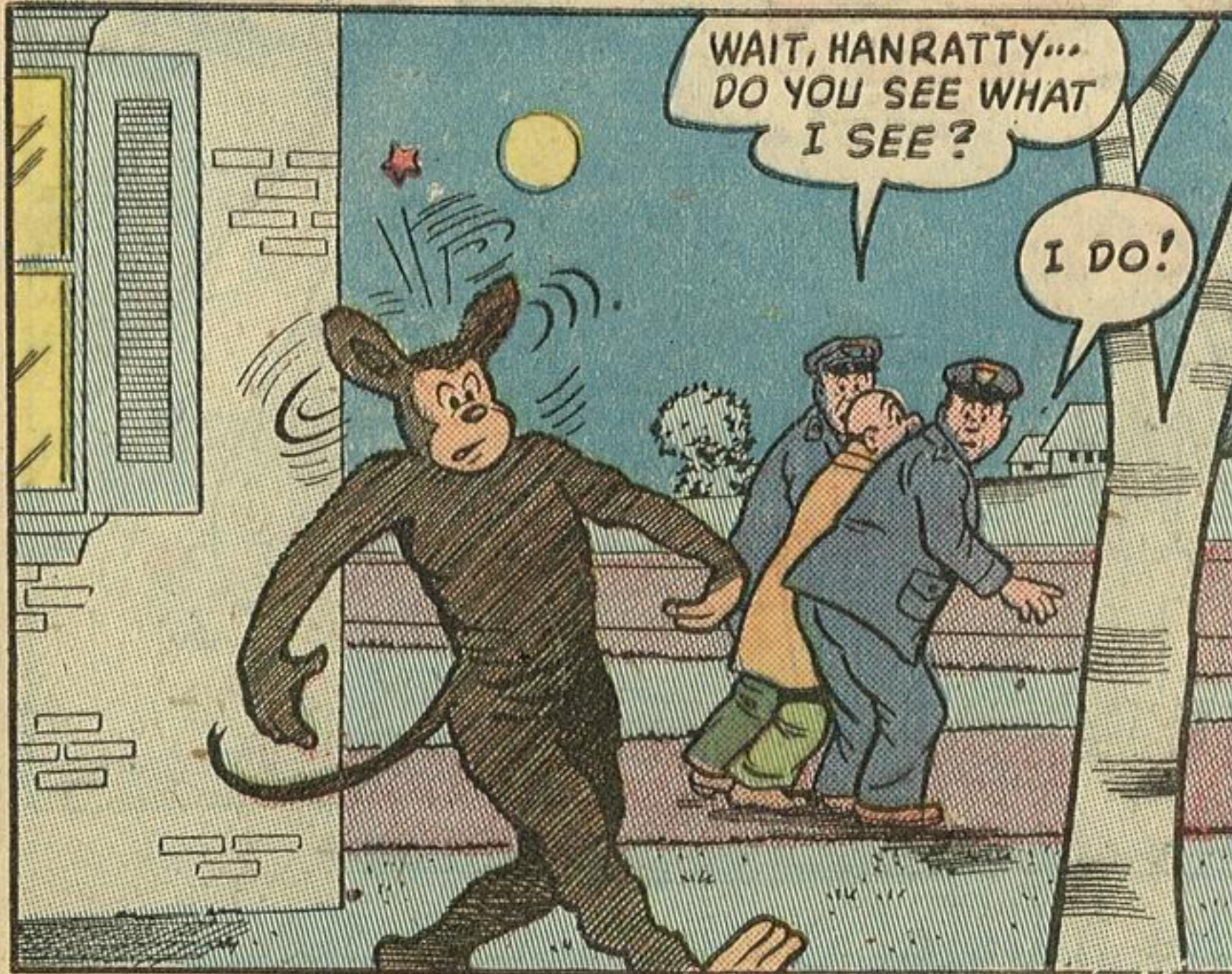
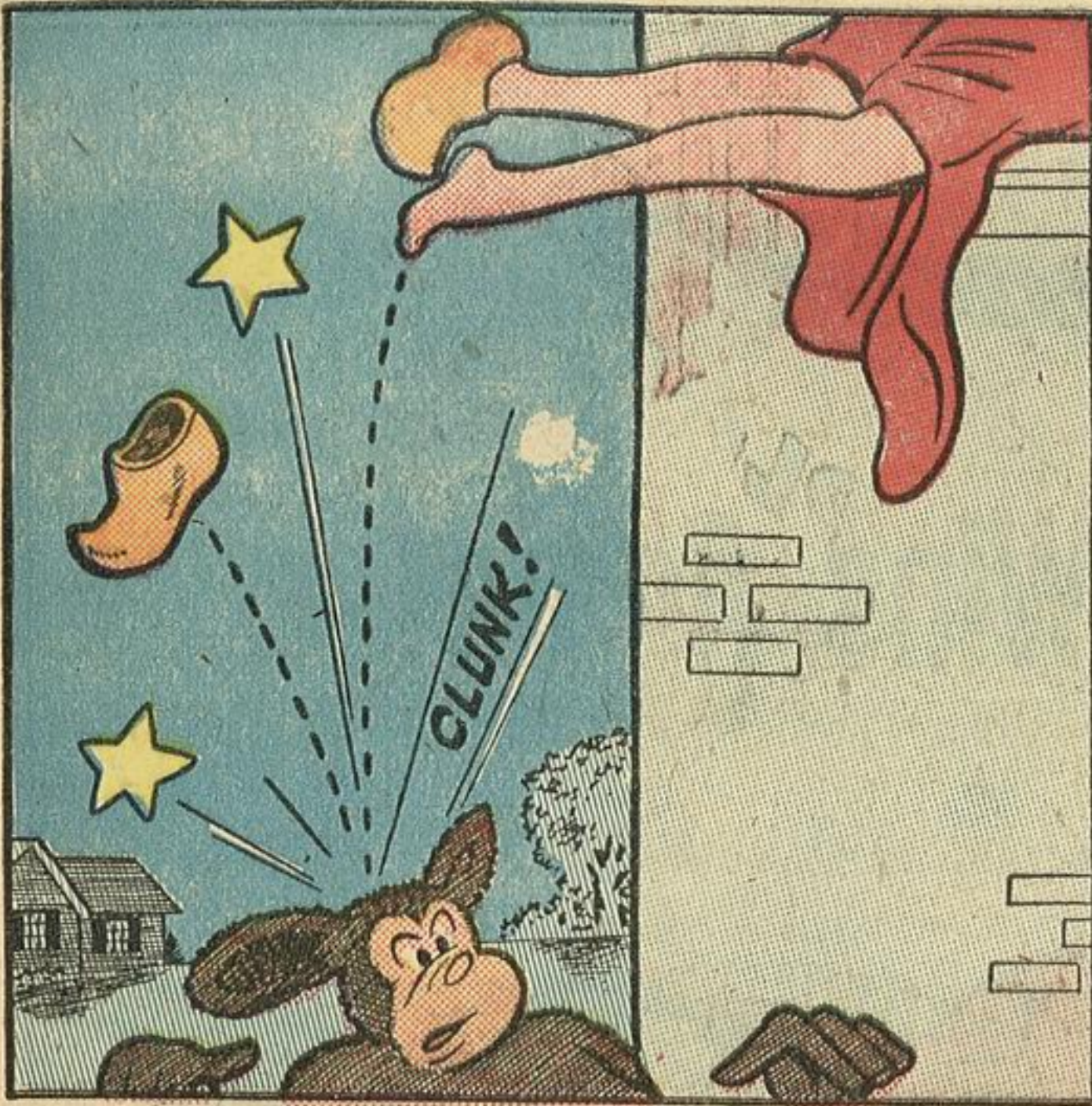








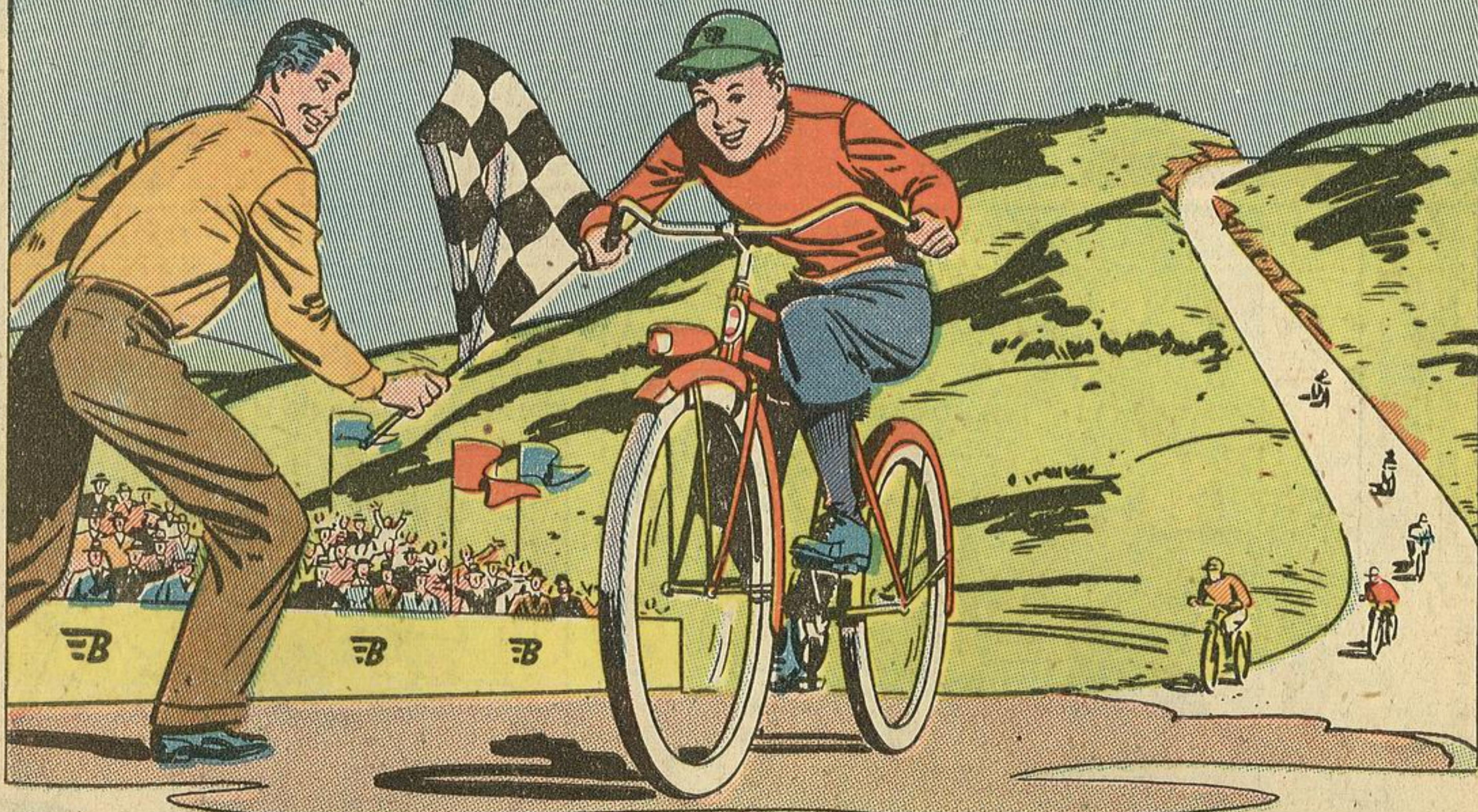
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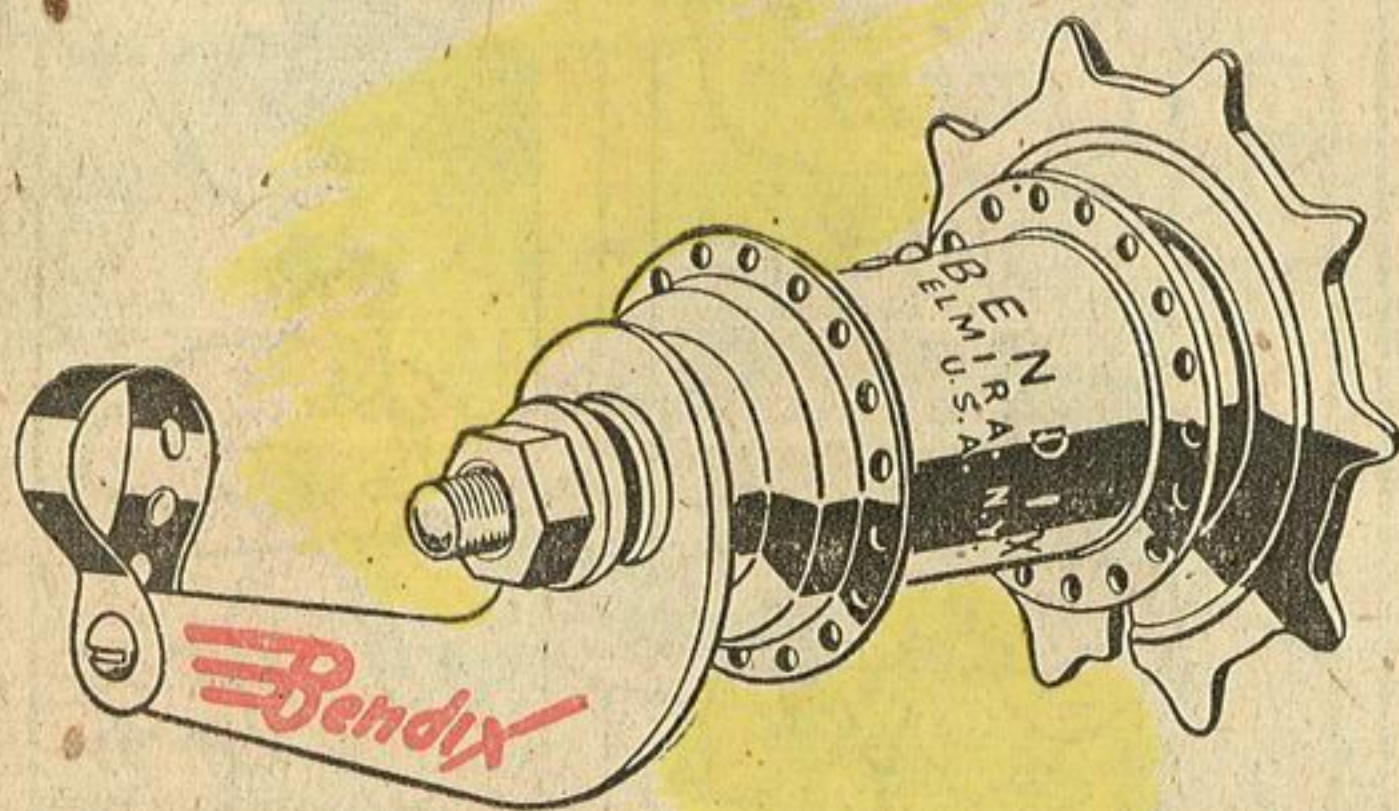




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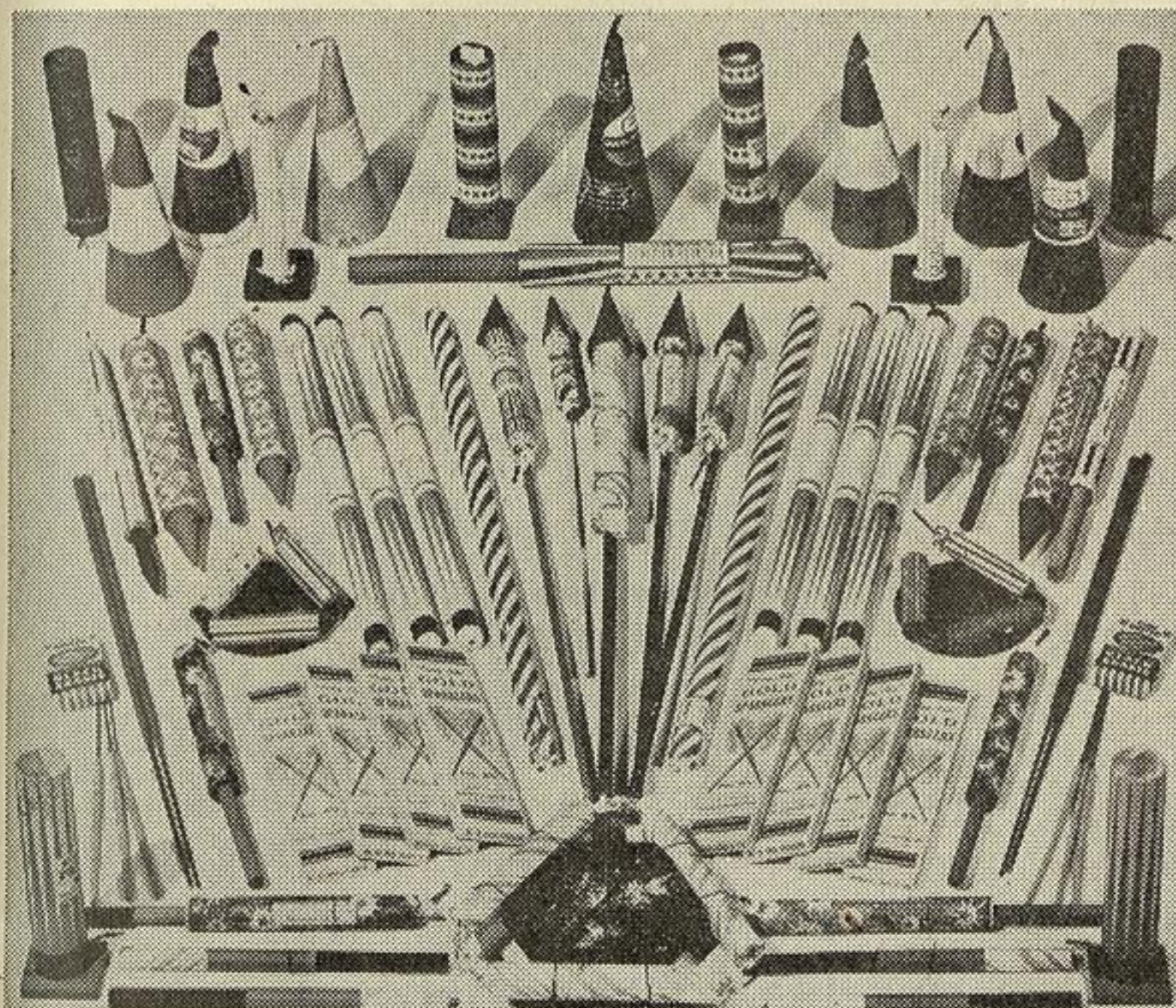
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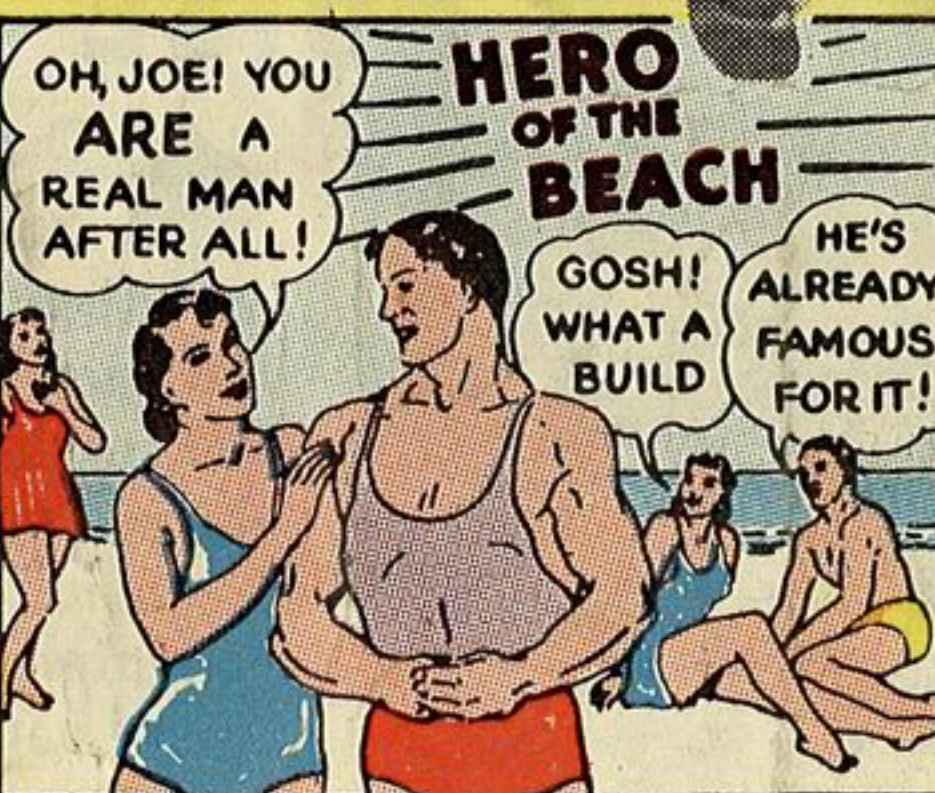
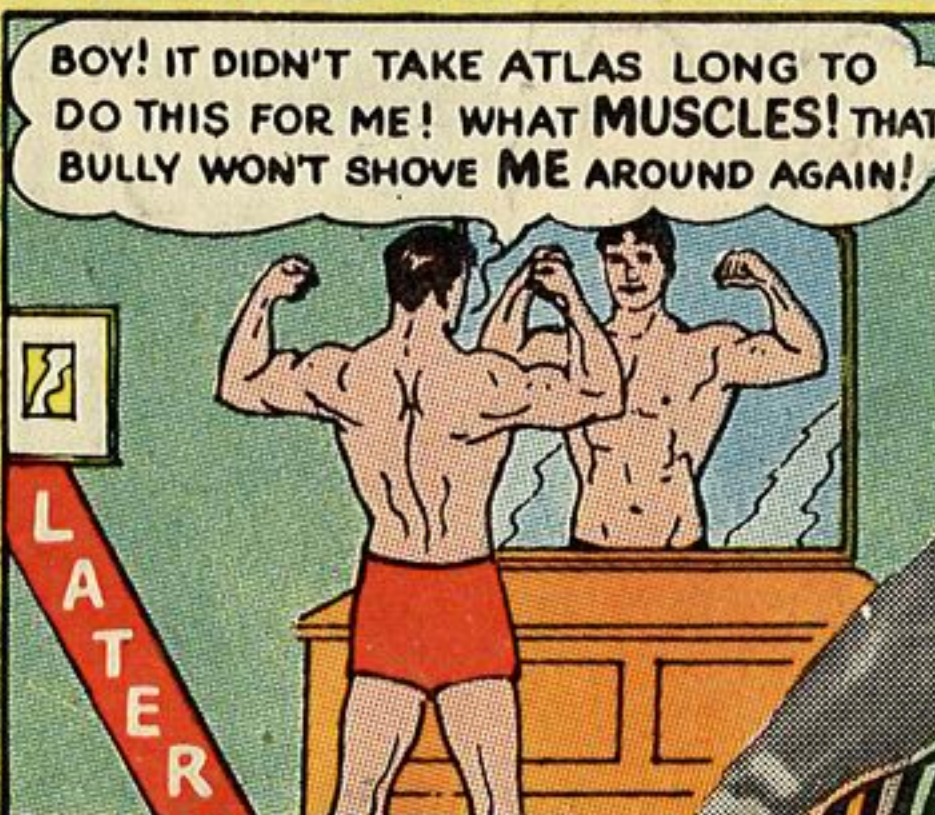
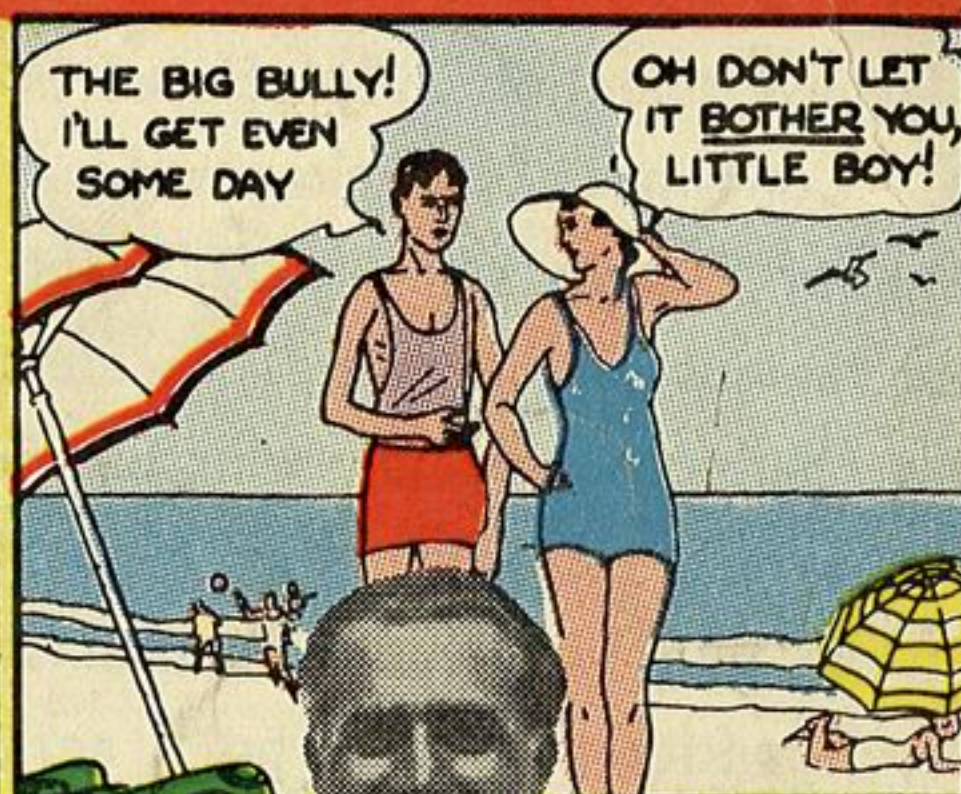
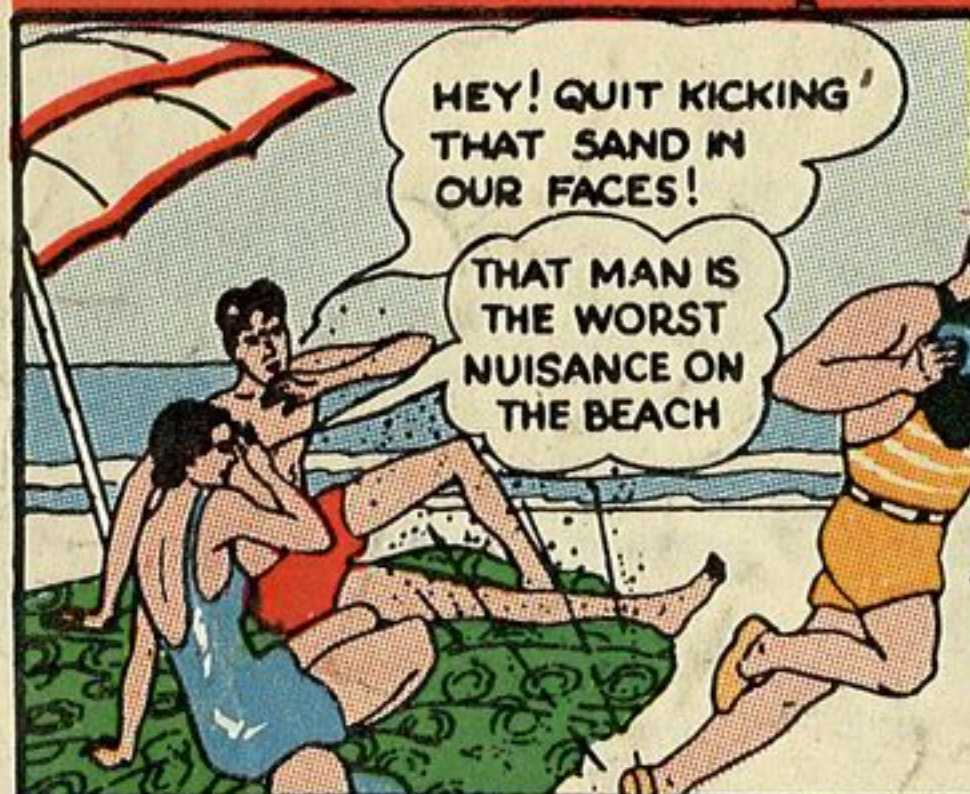
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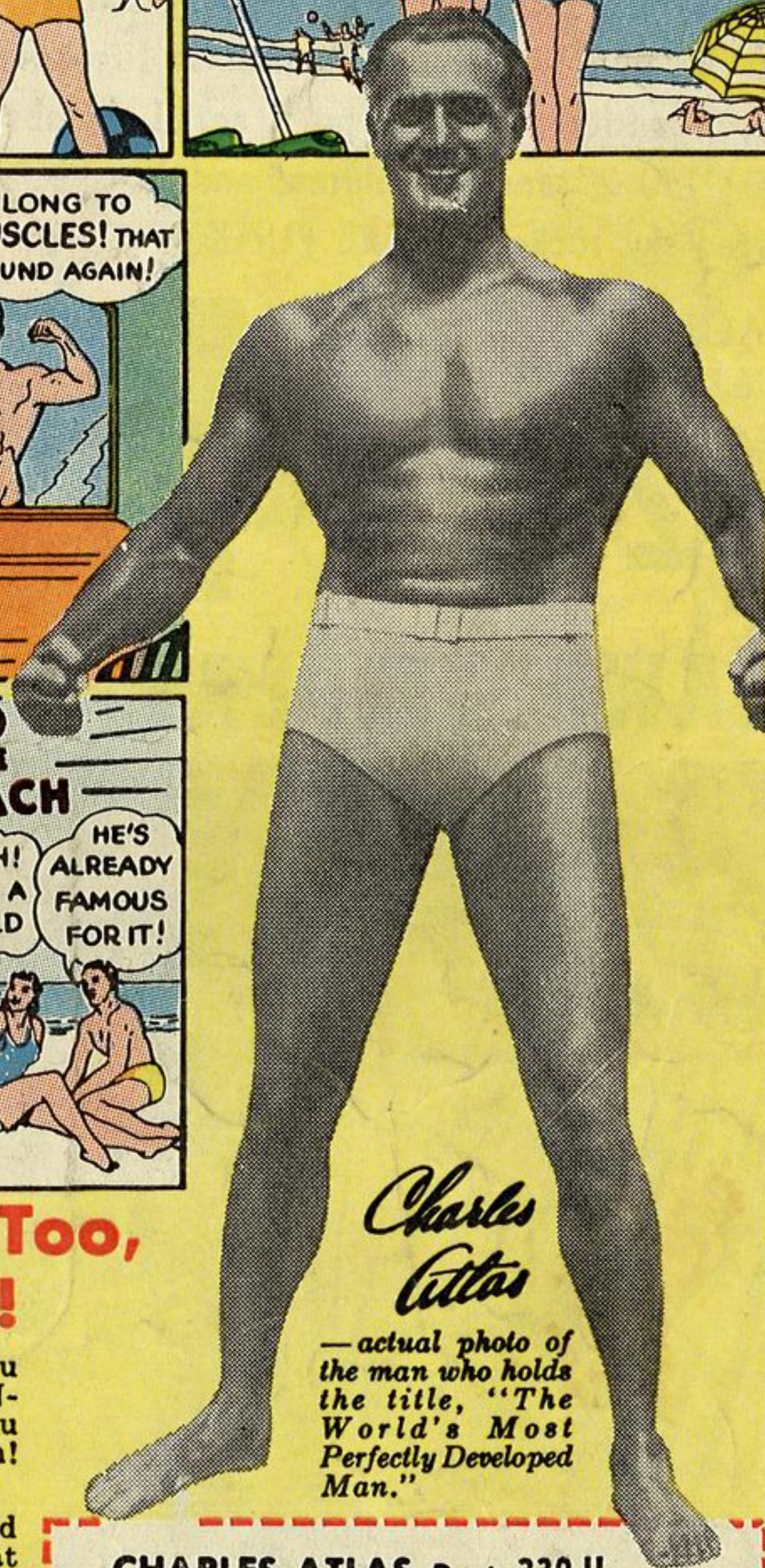
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*Charles Atlas*

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